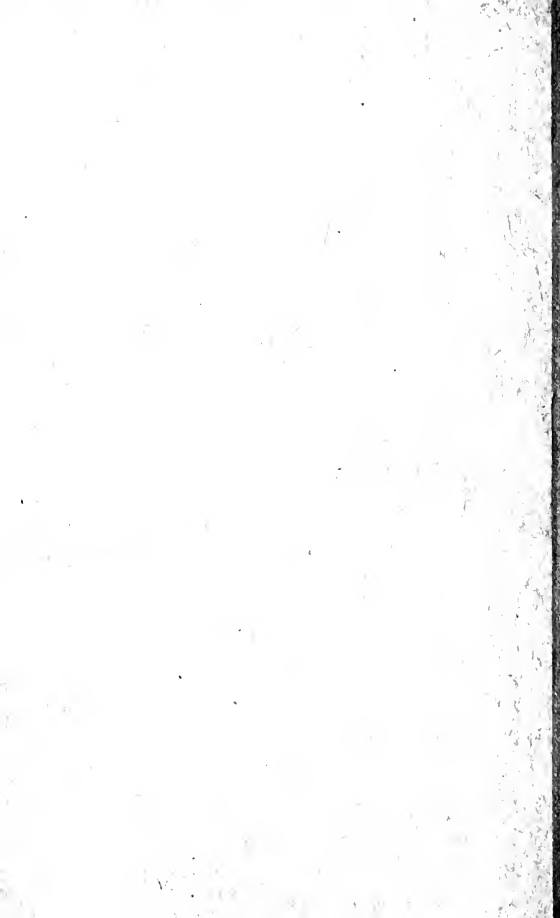


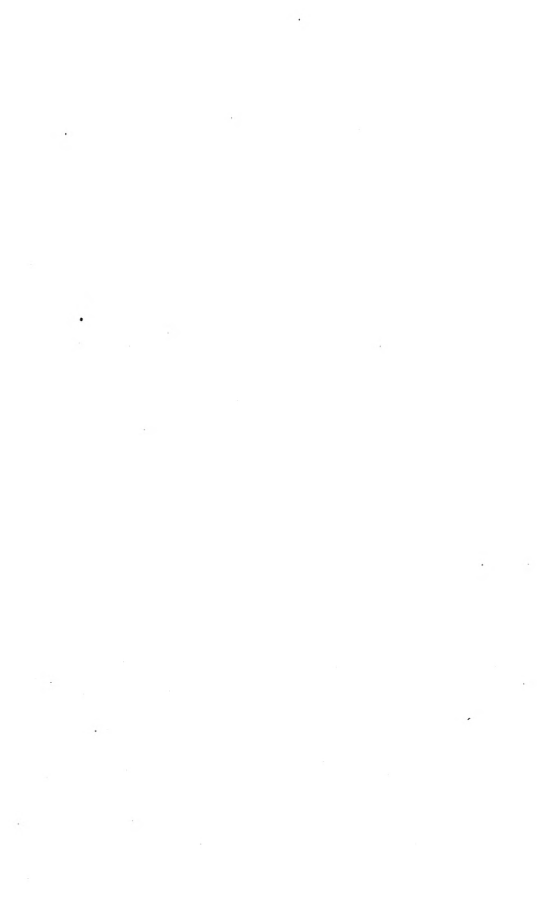
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JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

HYMNS

BY

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.



A. Birrell

"*cui pauca relict*

*Jugera ruris erant ; nec fertilis illa juvencis
Nec pecori opportuna seges, nec commoda Baccho.
Hic rarum tamen in duris olus, albaque circum
Lilia, verbenasque premens, vescumque papaver,
Regum æquabat opes animis."*

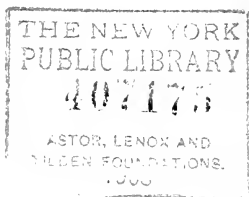
NEW YORK

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N. G. C.



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PREFACE.

THE poems of the author of "Lead, Kindly Light" need no recommendation to the public. Wherever the English language is spoken, that hymn is a favorite ; it has given expression and assuagement to thousands groping in the darkness of spiritual conflict or of bereavement, who will like to see what else of the kind the author has produced. And though there may be nothing with the same familiar sound and sweet associations, there is much to repay study, and not a little that is worthy to be counted among a hymn-lover's treasures for evermore.

John Henry Newman is almost coëval with the century, in the religious history of which his name will occupy so prominent a place. The outward facts of his life are few and quickly told : of his intellectual career only a

brief outline can here be given. He was born in London, February 21st, 1801; he entered Trinity College, Oxford, 1816; was elected Fellow of Oriel College, 1822; received orders in the English Church, 1824; was Vice-Principal of Alban Hall, under Dr. Whately, 1825-26; tutor of Oriel, 1826-32; Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford and Littlemore, 1828-43; editor of the "British Critic," 1838-41. But he is best known as the chief-mover in that great religious upheaval of our age, the final effects of which none of us will live to trace, variously known as the "Oxford," the "High Church" and the "Tractarian Movement,"—the last and most characteristic of these names being derived from the celebrated series of "Tracts for the Times," to which he was much the largest contributor. The closing one was the famous "No. XC." an attempt to reconcile the "XXXIX. Articles" with the canons and decrees of the Council of Trent, which roused so much alarm and indignation as to compel his diocesan to request the discontinuance of the series. Newman obeyed, but under protest; and his tendencies became

more and more pronounced, until, by a logical necessity, in September, 1845, his last words as an Anglican clergyman were spoken to a small gathering of friends and pupils in his home-chapel at Littlemore, and in the following October, he was received into the communion of the Roman Catholic Church. In 1846, he visited Rome, was admitted to the priesthood, joined the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, founded a branch thereof in England on his return thither, in 1848, and has spent most of his life since as the Head of the Birmingham House,—albeit, in 1852, he founded the Roman Catholic University at Dublin, and acted as its Rector until 1858. He was made Cardinal, May 12th, 1879.

In 1864, he published his “*Apologia pro Vita Sua*,” which gives a history of the development of his religious opinions from his youth up, and furnishes much incidental evidence that his mental and spiritual constitution was of the sort which seems almost predestined to find its final home in the Roman fold. He says of his school-days: “My imagination ran on unknown influences, on mag-

ical powers and talismans. . . . I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception ; my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world.” And again : “ I was very superstitious . . . and used constantly to cross myself when going into the dark :” yet he could “make no sort of conjecture” whence this practice was derived. He also mentions a “deep imagination,” that he was called to a celibate life, which took possession of him in 1816, and strengthened his “feeling of separation from a visible world.” During his thirty-six years of residence at Oxford, he was brought into more or less intimate relations with Whately, Keble, Pusey, Mozley, the Froudes, the Wilberforces, etc. He was counted austere and reserved by some, kindly and genial by others,—the truth seeming to be that he was reserved by nature, and especially so with strangers and antipathetic persons, but knew how to unbend and be companionable and delightful to his friends. It is plain that he exerted a powerful influence upon those admit-

ted to his intimacy ; he had always a devoted circle of adherents, many of whom preceded or followed him into the Church of Rome, notably Faber and Caswall.

His life has been an industrious one ; the list of his published works numbers over thirty volumes,—theological, historical, polemical,—among them two works of fiction. They have a twofold interest, as treating the subject in hand with great power and brilliancy both of thought and style, and as milestones marking the stages by which a mind of no common order passed from the Anglican to the Roman faith. In the latter aspect, they may afford some comfort to all who are alarmed at the widening flood of materialistic unbelief, as tending to show the presence and power of the supernatural element in and over man, and that there will always be intellects, neither ignorant nor feeble, who can find no rest nor satisfaction save in a definite, dogmatic faith.

Comparatively few of Newman's poems were written after his secession, yet several of those dated years before show how far he had slid-

den, consciously or not, from his ostensible standpoint, before he planted himself squarely on the true one. Both of these classes—not more than a dozen in all—are necessarily cancelled in a volume intended chiefly for the protestant world;—with all respect for the faith and taste of others, we must needs exercise the right of selection for ourselves; it is possible to be not less reverent in rejection than in acceptance. Among the latter productions, the “*Dream of Gerontius*” stands so pre-eminent in felicity of language and beauty of thought and imagery, that it is retained almost entire, notwithstanding its length. A large latitude is allowable in a work so purely imaginative; nor does the doctrine of purgatory appear in a form that need greatly offend whomsoever believes in any intermediate state between the death of the body and the soul’s final entrance upon the perfect bliss of heaven. The poem’s excellence as a whole may easily atone for some doubtful flights of fancy. Finally, to show somewhat of the softer and so to speak, more human side of the poet’s character, a large part of the earlier,

more secular and personal poems, which could not be classed under the general title of "Hymns," are given in an Appendix.

The preparation of the volume for the press, begun with no enthusiasm for the task, has become so truly a labor of love as to justify the expression of the belief that all who bring a much smaller measure of the same careful study to these poems, will be rewarded by the same ultimate delight in their beauty of thought and construction. They are instinct with that spiritual grace and life which are the heritage and hope of "all who profess and call themselves Christians."

W. M. L. J.

New York, 1885.

DEDICATION.

TO EDWARD BADELEY, ESQ.

MY DEAR BADELEY :

I have not been without apprehension lest, in dedicating to you a number of poetical compositions, I should hardly be making a suitable offering to a member of a grave profession, which is especially employed in rubbing off the gloss with which imagination and sentiment invest matters of everyday life, and in reducing statements of fact to their legitimate dimensions. And, besides this, misgivings have not unnaturally come over me on the previous question ; viz., whether, after all, the contents of the volume are of sufficient importance to make it an acceptable offering to any friend whatever.

And I must frankly confess, as to the latter difficulty, that certainly it never would have

occurred to me thus formally to bring together under one title effusions which I have ever considered ephemeral, had I not lately found from publications of the day, what I never suspected before, that there are critics, and they strangers to me, who think well both of some of my compositions and of my power of composing. It is this commendation, bestowed on me to my surprise as well as to my gratification, which has encouraged me just now to republish what I have from time to time written ; and if, in doing so, I shall be found, as is not unlikely, to have formed a volume of unequal merit, my excuse must be, that I despair of discovering any standard by which to discriminate aright between one poetical attempt and another. Accordingly, I am thrown, from the nature of the case, whether I will or no, upon my own judgment, which biased by the associations of memory and by personal feelings, and measuring, perhaps, by the pleasure of verse-making, the worth of the verse, is disposed either to preserve them all, or to put them all aside.

Here another contrast presents itself be-

tween the poetical art and the science of law. Your profession has its definitive authorities, its prescriptions, its precedents, and its principles, by which to determine the claim of its authors on public attention ; but what philosopher will undertake to rule matters of taste, or to bring under one idea or method, works so different from each other as those of Homer, Æschylus, and Pindar ; of Terence, Ovid, Juvenal, and Martial ? What court is sitting, and what code is received, for the satisfactory determination of the poetical pretensions of writers of the day ? Whence can we hope to gain a verdict upon them, except from the unscientific tribunals of Public Opinion and of Time ? In Poetry, as in Metaphysics, a book is of necessity a venture.

And now, coming to the suitableness of my offering, I know well, my dear Badeley, how little you will be disposed to criticise what comes to you from me, whatever be its intrinsic value. Less still in this case, considering that a chief portion of the volume grew out of that Religious Movement which you yourself, as well as I, so faithfully fol-

lowed from first to last. And least of all, when I tell you that I wish it to be the poor expression, long-delayed, of my gratitude, never intermitted, for the great services which you rendered to me years ago, by your legal skill and affectionate zeal, in a serious matter in which I found myself in collision with the law of the land. Those services I have ever desired in some public, however inadequate, way to record ; and now, as time hurries on and opportunities are few, I am forced to ask you to let me acknowledge my debt to you as I can, since I cannot as I would.

We are now, bóth of us, in the decline of life : may that warm attachment which has lasted between us inviolate for so many years, be continued, by the mercy of God, to the end of our earthly course, and beyond it !

I am, my dear Badeley,

Affectionately yours,

J. H. N.

THE ORATORY,

December 21, 1876.

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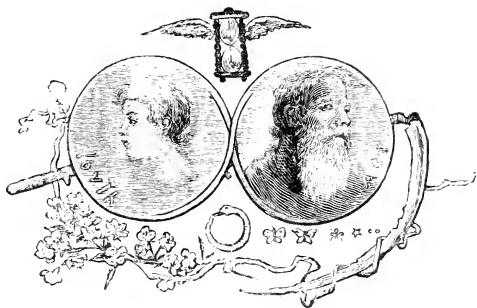
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THE TRANCE OF TIME.

“Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!”

IN childhood, when with eager eyes
The season-measured year I view'd,
All, garb'd in fairy guise,
Pledged constancy of good.

Spring sang of heaven ; the summer flowers
Bade me gaze on, and did not fade ;
Even suns o'er autumns bowers
Heard my strong wish, and stay'd.

They came and went, the short-lived four ;
Yet, as their varying dance they wove,
To my young heart each bore
Its own sure claim of love.

Far different now ;—the whirling year
Vainly my dizzy eyes pursue ;
And its fair tints appear
All blent in one dusk hue.

Why dwell on rich autumnal lights,
Spring-time, or winter's social ring ?
Long days are fire-side nights,
Brown autumn is fresh spring.

Then what this earth to thee, my heart ?
Its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless.
Thou hast no owner's part
In all its fleetingness.

The flame, the storm, the quaking ground,
Earth's joy, earth's terror, nought is thine,
Thou must but hear the sound
Of the still voice divine.

O priceless art ! O princely state !
E'en while by sense of change opprest,
Within to antedate
Heaven's Age of fearless rest.

Highwood.

October, 1827.

PARAPHRASE

OF ISAIAH, CHAP. LXIV.

O THAT Thou wouldest rend the breadth of sky,
That veils Thy presence from the sons of men !
O that, as erst Thou camest from on high
Sudden in strength, Thou so would'st come
again !

Track'd out by judgments was Thy fiery path,
Ocean and mountain withering in Thy wrath !

Then would Thy name—the Just, the Merciful—

Strange dubious attributes to human mind—
Appal Thy foes ; and, kings, who spurn Thy
rule,

Then, then would quake to hopeless doom
consign'd.

See, the stout bows, and totters the secure,
While pleasure's bondsman hides his head im-
pure !

Come down ! for then shall from its seven
bright springs

To him who thirsts the draught of life be given ;
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard the
things

Which He hath purposed for the heirs of
heaven,—

A God of love, guiding with gracious ray
Each meek rejoicing pilgrim on his way.

Yea, though we err, and Thine averted face
Rebukes the folly in Thine Israel done,
Will not that hour of chastisement give place
To beams, the pledge of an eternal sun ?

Yes ! for His counsels to the end endure ;
We shall be saved, our rest abideth sure.

Lord, Lord ! our sins . . . our sins . . . un-
clean are we,

Gross and corrupt ; our seeming-virtuous deeds
Are but abominate ; all, dead to Thee,
Shrivel, like leaves when summer's green re-
cedes ;

While, like the autumn blast, our lusts arise,
And sweep their prey where the fell serpent lies.

None, there is none to plead with God in
prayer,

Bracing his laggart spirit to the work
Of intercession ; conscience-sprung despair,
Sin-loving still, doth in each bosom lurk.
Guilt calls Thee to avenge ;—Thy risen ire
Sears like a brand, we gaze and we expire.

But now, O Lord, our Father ! we are Thine,
Design and fashion ; senseless while we lay,
Thou, as the potter, with a Hand Divine,
Didst mould Thy vessels of the sluggish clay.
Mark not our guilt, Thy word of wrath recall,
Lo, we are Thine by price, Thy people all !

Alas for Zion ! 'tis a waste ;—the fair,
The holy place in flames ;—where once our
sires

Kindled the sacrifice of praise and prayer,
Far other brightness gleams from Gentile fires.
Low lies our pride ;—and wilt Thou self-deny
Thy rescuing arm, unvex'd amid Thine Israel's
cry ?

CONSOLATIONS IN BEREAVEMENT.

DEATH was full urgent with thee, Sister dear,
 And startling in his speed ;—
 Brief pain, then languor till thy end came
 near—

Such was the path decreed,
 The hurried road
 To lead thy soul from earth to thine own
 God's abode.

Death wrought with thee, sweet maid, impatiently :—

Yet merciful the haste
 That baffles sickness ;—dearest, thou didst
 die,

Thou wast not made to taste
 Death's bitterness,
 Decline's slow-wasting charm, or fever's fierce
 distress.

Death came unheralded :—but it was well ;

For so thy Saviour bore
 Kind witness, thou wast meet at once to dwell
 On His eternal shore ;

All warning spared,
For none He gives where hearts are for prompt
change prepared.

Death wrought in mystery ; both complaint
and cure

To human skill unknown :—
God put aside all means, to make us sure
It was His deed alone ;
Lest we should lay
Reproach on our poor selves, that thou wast
caught away.

Death urgent as scant of time :—lest, Sister
dear,

We many a lingering day
Had sickened with alternate hope and fear,
The ague of delay ;
Watching each spark
Of promise quench'd in turn, till all our sky
was dark.

Death came and went :—that so thy image
might

Our yearning hearts possess,

Associate with all pleasant thoughts and bright,
With youth and loveliness ;
Sorrow can claim,
Mary, nor lot nor part in thy soft soothing
name.

Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes !
Dearest thou art enshrined
In all thy fragrance in our memories ;
For we must ever find
Bare thought of thee
Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall
be.

Oxford.

April, 1828.

A VOICE FROM AFAR.

WEEP not for me ;—
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free !
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends ;
Nor miss my face, dear friends !

I still am near ;—
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;
Now too I hear
Of whisper'd sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers, and musings sweet.

A sea before
The Throne is spread ;—its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest.

Horsepath.

September 29, 1829.

THE HIDDEN ONES.

HID are the saints of God ;—
Uncertified by high angelic sign ;
Nor raiment soft, nor empire's golden rod
Marks them divine.
Theirs but the unbought air, earth's parent
sod,
And the sun's smile benign ;

Christ rears His throne within the secret heart,
From the haughty world apart.

They gleam amid the night,
Chill sluggish mists stifling the heavenly ray ;
Fame chants the while,—old history trims his
light,

 Aping the day ;
In vain ! staid look, loud voice, and reason's
might

 Forcing its learned way,
Blind characters ! these aid us not to trace
Christ and His princely race.

Yet not all-hid from those
Who watch to see ;—'neath their dull guise of
earth,

Bright bursting beams unwittingly disclose
Their heaven-wrought birth.

Meekness, love, patience, faith's serene re-
pose ;

 And the soul's tutor'd mirth,
Bidding the slow heart dance, to prove her
power

 O'er self in its proud hour.

These are the chosen few,
The remnant fruit of largely-scatter'd grace,
God sows in waste, to reap whom He fore-
knew

Of man's cold race :
Counting on wills perverse, in His clear view
Of boundless time and space,
He waits, by scant return for treasures given,
To fill the thrones of heaven.

Lord ! who can trace but Thou
The strife obscure, 'twixt sin's soul-thralling
spell
And Thy keen Spirit, now quench'd, reviving
now ?

Or who can tell,
Why pardon's seal stands sure on David's
brow,

Why Saul and Demas fell ?
Oh ! lest our frail hearts in the annealing
break,

Help, for Thy mercy's sake !

A THANKSGIVING.

“Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.”

LORD, in this dust Thy sovereign voice
First quicken'd love divine ;
I am all Thine,—Thy care and choice,
My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence
In childhood frail I trace,
For blessings given, ere dawning sense
Could seek or scan Thy grace ;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,
Bright dreams, and fancyings strange ;
Blessings, when reason's awful power
Gave thought a bolder range ;

Blessings of friends, which to my door
Unask'd, unhop'd, have come ;
And, choicer still, a countless store
Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw Thy face
In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang, or throbbing brow ;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now.

Yes ! let the fragrant scars abide,
Love-tokens in Thy stead,
Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side
And thorn-encompass'd head.

And such Thy tender force be still,
When self would swerve or stray,
Shaping to truth the froward will
Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth ; far, far remove
The lure of power or name ;
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness love,
And faith in this world's shame.

Oxford.

October 20, 1829.

THE BRAND OF CAIN.

I BEAR upon my brow the sign
Of sorrow and of pain ;
Alas ! no hopeful cross is mine,
It is the brand of Cain.

The course of passion and the fret
Of godless hope and fear,—
Toil, care, and guilt,—their hues have set,
And fix'd their sternness there.

Saviour ! wash out the imprinted shame ;
That I no more may pine,
Sin's martyr, though not meet to claim
Thy cross, a saint of Thine

Oxford.

November 18, 1832.

ZEAL AND LOVE,

AND would'st thou reach, rash scholar mine,
Love's high unruffled state?
Awake ! thy easy dreams resign,
First learn thee how to hate :—

Hatred of sin, and Zeal, and Fear,
Lead up the Holy Hill ;
Track them, till Charity appear
A self-denial still.

Dim is the philosophic flame,
By thoughts severe unfed :
Book-lore ne'er served, when trial came,
Nor gifts, when faith was dead.

Oxford.

November 20, 1832.

PERSECUTION.

“ And the woman fled into the wilderness.”

SAY, who is he in deserts seen,
Or at the twilight hour ?
Of garb austere, and dauntless mien,
Measured in speech, in purpose keen,
Calm as in Heaven he had been,
Yet blithe when perils lower.

My Holy Mother made reply,
“ Dear child, it is my Priest.
The world has cast me forth, and I

Dwell with wild earth and gusty sky ;
He bears to men my mandates high,
And works my sage behest.

“ Another day, dear child, and thou
Shalt join his sacred band.
Ah ! well I deem, thou shrinkest now
From urgent rule, and severing vow ;
Gay hopes flit round, and light thy brow :
Time hath a taming hand ! ”

Oxford.

November 22, 1832.

ZEAL AND PURITY.

“ Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord.”

THOU to wax fierce
In the cause of the Lord,
To threat and to pierce
With the heavenly sword !
Anger and Zeal,
And the Joy of the brave,
Who bade *thee* to feel,
Sin's slave.

The Altar's pure flame
Consumes as it soars :
Faith meetly may blame,
For it serves and adores.
Thou warnest and smitest !
Yet Christ must atone
For a soul that thou slightest—
Thine own.

Oxford.

November 23, 1832.

THE GIFT OF PERSEVERANCE.

ONCE, as I brooded o'er my guilty state,
A fever seized me, duties to devise,
To buy me interest in my Saviour's eyes :
Not that His love, I would extenuate,
But scourge and penance, masterful self-hate,
Or gift of cost, served by an artifice
To quell my restless thoughts and envious
sighs,
And doubts, which fain heaven's peace would
antedate.

Thus as I tossed, He said :—" E'en holiest
deeds
Shroud not the soul from God, nor soothe
its needs ;
Deny thee thine own fears, and wait the end ! "
Stern lesson ! Let me con it day by day,
And learn to kneel before the Omniscient
Ray,
Nor shrink, when Truth's avenging shafts de-
scend !

Oxford.

November 23, 1832.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

WHENE'ER across this sinful flesh of mine
I draw the Holy Sign,
All good thoughts stir within me and renew
Their slumbering strength divine ;
Till there springs up a courage high and
true
To suffer and to do.

And who shall say, but hateful spirits round,
For their brief hour unbound,
Shudder to see, and wail their overthrow ?
While on far heathen ground
Some lonely Saint hails the fresh odor, though
Its source he cannot know.

Oxford.

November 25, 1832.

BONDAGE.

O PROPHET, tell me not of peace,
Or Christ's all-loving deeds ;
Death only can from sin release,
And death to judgment leads.

Thou from thy birth hast set thy face
Towards thy Redeemer Lord ;
To tend and deck His holy place,
And note His secret word.

I ne'er shall reach Heaven's glorious path ;
Yet haply tears may stay
The purpose of His instant wrath,
And slake the fiery day.

Then plead for one who cannot pray,
Whose faith is but despair,
Who hates his heart, nor puts away
The sin that rankles there.

Iffley.

November 28, 1832.

THE SCARS OF SIN.

My smile is bright, my glance is free,
My voice is calm and clear ;
Dear friend, I seem a type to thee
Of holy love and fear.

But I am scann'd by eyes unseen,
And these no saint surround ;
They mete what is by what has been,
And joy the lost is found.

Erst my good Angel shrank to see
My thoughts and ways of ill ;
And now he scarce dare gaze on me,
Scar-seam'd and crippled still.

Iffley.

November 29, 1832.

ANGELIC GUIDANCE.

ARE these the tracks of some unearthly
Friend,
His foot prints, and his vesture-skirts of light,
Who, as I talk with men, conforms aright
Their sympathetic words, or deeds that blend
With my hid thought ;—or stoops him to
attend
My doubtful-pleading grief ;—or blunts the
might
Of ill I see not ;—or in dreams of night
Figures the scope, in which what is will end ?
Were I Christ's own, then fitly might I call
That vision real ; for to the thoughtful mind
That walks with Him, He half unveils His
face ;
But, when on earth-stain'd souls such tokens
fall,
These dare not claim as theirs what there they
find,
Yet, not all hopeless, eye His boundless grace.

*Whitchurch.**December 3, 1832.*

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

THEY do but grope in learning's pedant round,
Who on the fantasies of sense bestow
An idol substance, bidding us bow low
Before those shades of being which are found,
Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground ;
As if such shapes and moods, which come and
go,

Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor
show,
To sway or judge, and skill to sane or
wound.

Son of immortal seed, high-destined Man !
Know thy dread gilt,—a creature, yet a cause :
Each mind is its own centre, and it draws
Home to itself, and moulds in its thought's
span

All outward things, the vassals of its will,
Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

Falmouth.

December 7, 1832.

WANDERINGS.

ERE yet I left home's youthful shrine,
My heart and hope were stored
Where first I caught the rays divine,
And drank the Eternal Word.

I went afar ; the world unroll'd
Her many-pictured page ;
I stored the marvels which she told,
And trusted to her gage.

Her pleasures quaff'd, I sought awhile
The scenes I prized before ;
But parent's praise and sister's smile
Stirr'd my cold heart no more.

So ever sear, so ever cloy
Earth's favors as they fade ;
Since Adam lost for one fierce joy
His Eden's sacred shade.

THE SAINT AND THE HERO.

O AGED Saint ! far off I heard
The praises of thy name ;—
Thy deed of power, thy prudent word,
Thy zeal's triumphant flame.

I came and saw ; and, having seen,
Weak heart, I drew offence
From thy prompt smile, thy simple mein,
Thy lowly diligence.

The Saint's is not the Hero's praise ;—
This I have found, and learn
Nor to malign Heaven's humblest ways
Nor its least boon to spurn.

Bay of Biscay.

December 10, 1832.

PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

POOR wand'ers, ye are sore distress'd
To find that path which Christ has bless'd,
Track'd by His saintly throng :
Each claims to trust his own weak will,
Blind idol !—so ye languish still,
All wranglers and all wrong.

He saw of old, and met your need,
Granting you prophets of His creed,
The throes of fear to swage ;
They fenced the rich bequest He made,
And sacred hands have safe convey'd
Their charge from age to age.

Wand'ers ! come home ! obey the call !
A Mother pleads, who ne'er let fall
One grain of Holy Truth ;
Warn you and win she shall and must,
For now she lifts her from the dust,
To reign as in her youth.

THE WATCHMAN.

(A Song.)

FAINT not, and fret not, for threaten'd woe,
Watchman on Truth's grey height !
Few though the faithful, and fierce though
the foe,
Weakness is aye Heaven's might.

Infidel Ammon and niggard 'Tyre,
Ill-fitted pair, unite ;
Some work for love, and some work for hire,
But weakness shall be Heaven's might.

Eli's feebleness, Saul's black wrath,
May aid Ahithophel's spite ;
And prayers from Gerizim, and curses from
Gath——
Our weakness shall prove Heaven's might.

Quail not, and quake not, thou Warder bold,
Be there no friend in sight ;
Turn thee to question the days of old,
When weakness was aye Heaven's might.

Moses was one, but he stay'd the sin
Of the host, in the Presence bright ;
And Elias scorn'd the Carmel din,
When Baal would match Heaven's might.

Time's years are many, Eternity one,
And one is the Infinite ;
The chosen are few, few the deeds well done,
For scantness is still Heaven's might.

At Sea.

December 12, 1832.

MEMORY.

My home is now a thousand miles away ;
Yet in my thoughts its every image fair
Rises as keen, as I still linger'd there,
And, turning me, could all I loved survey.
And so, upon Death's unaverted day,
As I speed upwards, I shall on me bear,
And in no breathless whirl, the things that
were,
And duties given, and ends I did obey.

And, when at length I reach the Throne of
Power,

Ah ! still unscared, I shall in fulness see
The vision of my past innumerable deeds,
My deep heart-courses and their motive seeds,
So to gaze on till the red dooming hour.

Lord, in that strait, the Judge ! remember me !

Off Cape Trafalgar.

December 15, 1832.

THE HAVEN.

WHENCE is this awe, by stillness spread
O'er the world-fretted soul ?

Wave reared on wave its godless head,
While my keen bark, by breezes sped,
Dash'd fiercely through the ocean bed,
And chafed toward its goal.

But now there reigns so deep a rest,
That I could almost weep.

Sinner ! thou hast in this rare guest
Of Adam's peace a figure blest ;
'Tis Eden seen, though not possess'd,
Which cherub-flames still keep.

Gibraltar.

December 16, 1832.

A WORD IN SEASON.

O LORD ! when sin's close-marshall'd line
Assails Thy witness on his way,
How should he raise Thy glorious sign,
And how Thy will display ?

Thy holy Paul, with soul of flame,
Rose on Mars' hill, a soldier lone ;
Shall I thus speak th' Atoning Name,
Though with a heart of stone ?

“ Not so,” He said : “ hush thee, and seek,
With thoughts in prayer and watchful eyes,
My seasons sent for thee to speak,
And use them as they rise.”

Gibraltar.

December 17, 1832.

FAIR WORDS.

THY words are good, and freely given,
As though thou felt them true ;
Friend, think thee well, to hell or heaven
A serious heart is due.

It pains thee sore, man's will should swerve
In his true path divine ;
And yet thou ventur'st nought to serve
Thy neighbor's weal nor thine.

Beware ! such words may once be said,
Where shame and fear unite ;
But, spoken twice, they mark instead
A sin against the light.

Gibraltar.

December 17, 1832.

MOSES.

MOSES, the patriot fierce, became
The meekest man on earth,
To show us how love's quickening flame
Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,
Lost Canaan by self-will,
To show, where Grace has done its part,
How sin defiles us still.

Thou, who hast taught me in Thy fear,
Yet seest me frail at best,
O grant me loss with Moses here,
To gain his future rest !

At Sea.

December 19, 1832.

THE PATIENT CHURCH.

BIDE thou thy time !

Watch with meek eyes the race of pride and
crime,

Sit in the gate, and be the heathen's jest,
Smiling and self-possessed

O thou to whom is pledged a victor's sway,
Bide thou the victor's day !

Think on the sin ¹

That reap'd the unripe seed, and toil'd to win
Foul history-marks at Bethel and at Dan,

No blessing, but a ban ;

Whilst the wise Shepherd ² hid his heaven-
told fate,

Nor reck'd a tyrant's hate.

Such loss is gain ;

Wait the bright Advent that shall loose Thy
chain !

¹ Jeroboam.

² David.

E'en now the shadows break, and gleams di-
vine

Edge the dim distant line.

When thrones are trembling, and earth's fat
ones quail,

True Seed ! thou shalt prevail !

Off Algiers.

December 20, 1832.

JEREMIAH.

“ O that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of
wayfaring men ; that I might leave my people, and
go from them ! ”

“ Woe's me ! ” the peaceful prophet cried,

“ Spare me this troubled life ;

To stem man's wrath, to school his pride,

To head the sacred strife !

“ O place me in some silent vale,

Where groves and flowers abound ;

Nor eyes that grudge, nor tongues that rail,

Vex the truth-haunted ground ! ”

If his meek spirit err'd, opprest
That God denied repose,
What sin is ours, to whom Heaven's rest
Is pledged, to heal earth's woes?

Off Galita.

December 22, 1832.

PENANCE.

MORTAL ! if e'er thy spirits faint,
By grief or pain opprest,
Seek not vain hope, or sour complaint,
To cheer or ease thy breast :

But view thy bitterest pangs as sent
A shadow of that doom,
Which is the soul's just punishment
In its own guilt's true home.

Be thine own judge ; hate thy proud heart ;
And while the sad drops flow,
E'en let thy will attend the smart,
And sanctify thy woe.

Off Pantellaria.

December 23, 1832.

THE COURSE OF TRUTH.

“ Him God raised up the third day, and showed Him openly, not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God.”

WHEN royal Truth, released from mortal throes,
Burst His brief slumber, and triumphant rose,
 Ill had the Holiest sued
 A patron multitude,
Or courted Tetrarch's eye, or claimed to rule
By the world's winning grace, or proofs from
 learned school.

But, robing Him in viewless air, He told
His secret to a few of meanest mould ;
 They in their turn imparted
 The gift of men pure-hearted,
While the brute many heard His mysteries
 high,
As some strange fearful tongue, and crouch'd,
 they knew not why.

Still is the might of Truth, as it has been ;
Lodged in the few, obey'd, and yet unseen.

Rear'd on lone heights, and rare,
His saints their watch-flame bear,
And the mad world sees the wide-circling
blaze,
Vain searching whence it streams, and how to
quench its rays.

Malta.

December 24, 1832.

CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRIST.

How can I keep my Christmas feast
In its due festive show,
Reft of the sight of the High Priest
From whom its glories flow ?

I hear the tuneful bells around,
The blessèd towers I see ;
A stranger on a foreign ground,
They peal a fast for me.

O Britons ! now so brave and high,
How will ye weep the day
When Christ in judgment passes by,
And calls the Bride away !

Your Christmas then will lose its mirth,
Your Easter lose its bloom ;
Abroad, a scene of strife and dearth ;
Within, a cheerless home !

Malta.

December 25, 1832.

SLEEPLESSNESS.

UNWEARIED God, before whose face
The night is clear as day,
Whilst we, poor worms, o'er life's scant race
Now creep, and now delay,
We with death's foretaste alternate
Our labor's dint and sorrow's weight,
Save in that fever-troubled state
When pain or care has sway.

Dread Lord ! Thy glory, watchfulness,
Is but disease in man ;
We to our cost our bounds transgress
In Thy eternal plan :
Pride grasps the powers by Thee display'd,
Yet ne'er the rebel effort made
But fell beneath the sudden shade
Of nature's withering ban.

Malta.

December 26, 1832.

ABRAHAM.

THE better portion didst thou choose, Great
Heart,
Thy God's first choice, and pledge of Gentile
grace !
Faith's truest type, he with unruffled face
Bore the world's smile, and bade her slaves
depart ;
Whether, a trader, with no trader's art,
He buys in Canaan his last resting-place,—
Or freely yields rich Siddim's ample space,—
Or braves the rescue, and the battle's smart,

Yet scorns the heathen gifts of those he saved.
O happy is their soul's high solitude,
Who commune thus with God, and not with
earth !

Amid the scoffings of the wealth-enslaved,
A ready prey, as though in absent mood
They calmly move, nor reck the unmanner'd
mirth.

At Sea.

December 27, 1832.

THE GREEK FATHERS.

LET heathen sing thy heathen praise,
Fall'n Greece ! the thought of holier days
In my sad heart abides ;
For sons of thine in Truth's first hour
Were tongues and weapons of His power,
Born of the Spirit's fiery shower,
Our fathers and our guides.

All thine is Clement's varied page ;
And Dionysius, ruler sage,

In days of doubt and pain ;
And Origen with eagle eye ;
And saintly Basil's purpose high
To smite imperial heresy,
And cleanse the Altar's stain.

From thee the glorious preacher came,
With soul of zeal and and lips of flame,
A court's stern martyr-guest ;
And thine, O inexhaustive race !
Was Nazianzen's heaven-taught grace ;
And royal-hearted Athanase,
With Paul's own mantle blest.

Off Zante.

December 28, 1832.

THE WITNESS.

How shall a child of God fulfil
His vow to cleanse his soul from ill,
And raise on high his baptism-light,
Like Aaron's seed in vestment white
And holy-hearted Nazarite ?

First, let him shun the haunts of vice,
Sin-feast, or heathen sacrifice ;
Fearing the board of wealthy pride,
Or heretic, self-trusting guide,
Or where the adulterer's smiles preside.

Next, as he threads the maze of men,
Aye must he lift his witness, when
A sin is spoke in Heaven's dread face,
And none at hand of higher grace
The Cross to carry in his place.

But if he hears and sits him still,
First, he will lose his hate of ill ;
Next, fear of sinning ; after, hate ;
Small sins his heart then desecrate ;
And last, despair persuades to great.

Off Ithaca.

December 30, 1832.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

My Father's hope ! my childhood's dream !
The promise from on high !
Long waited for ! its glories beam
Now when my death is nigh.

My death is come, but not decay ;
Nor eye nor mind is dim ;
The keenness of youth's vigorous day
Thrills in each nerve and limb.

Blest scene ! thrice welcome after toil—
If no deceit I view ;
O might my lips but press the soil,
And prove the vision true !

Its glorious heights, its wealthy plains,
Its many-tinted groves,
They call ! but He my steps restrains
Who chastens whom He loves.

Ah ! now they melt . . . they are but shades . . .

I die !—yet is no rest,

O Lord ! in store, since Canaan fades

But seen, and not possest ?

Off Ithaca.

December 30, 1832.

MELCHIZEDEK.

“ Without father, without mother, without descent ; having neither beginning of days, nor end of life.”

THRICE bless'd are they, who feel their loneliness ;

To whom nor voice of friends nor pleasant scene

Brings aught on which the sadden'd heart can lean ;

Yea, the rich earth, garb'd in her daintiest dress

Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress,
Claiming responsive smiles and rapture high ;
Till, sick at heart, beyond the veil they fly,
Seeking His Presence, who alone can bless.

Such, in strange days, the weapons of Heaven's
 grace ;
When, passing o'er the high-born Hebrew
 line,
He moulds the vessel of His vast design ;
Fatherless, homeless, rest of age and place,
Sever'd from earth, and careless of its wreck,
Born through long woe His rare Melchizedek.

Corfu

January 5, 1833.

TRANSFIGURATION.

“They glorified God in me.”

I saw thee once and nought discern'd
 For stranger to admire ;
A serious aspect, but it burn'd
 With no unearthly fire.

Again I saw, and I confess'd
 Thy speech was rare and high ;
And yet it vex'd my burden'd breast,
 And scared, I knew not why.

I saw once more, and awe-struck gazed
On face, and form, and air ;
God's living glory round thee blazed—
A Saint—a Saint was there !

Off Zante.

January 8, 1833.

BEHIND THE VEIL.

BANISH'D the House of sacred rest,
Amid a thoughtless throng,
At length I heard its creed confess'd,
And knelt the saints among.

Artless his strain and unadorn'd,
Who spoke Christ's message there ;
But what at home I might have scorn'd,
Now charm'd my famish'd ear.

Lord, grant me this abiding grace,
Thy Word and sons to know ;
To pierce the veil on Moses' face,
Although his speech be slow,

At Sea.

January 9, 1833.

JUDGMENT.

IF e'er I fall beneath Thy yrod,
As through life's snares I go,
Save me from David's lot, O God !
And choose Thyself the woe.

How should I face Thy plagues ? which scare,
And haunt, and stun, until
The heart or sinks in mute despair,
Or names a random ill.

If else . . . then guide in David's path,
Who chose the holier pain ;
Satan and man are tools of wrath,
An Angel's scourge is gain.

Off Malta.

January 10, 1833.

SENSITIVENESS.

TIME was, I shrank from what was right
From fear of what was wrong ;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside ;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best ;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led ;—
Men count my haltings o'er ;—
I know them ; yet, though self I dread,
I love His precept more.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

“Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.”

O HEART of fire ! misjudged by wilful man,
Thou flower of Jesse's race !

What woe was thine, when thou and Jonathan

Last greeted face to face !
He doom'd to die, thou on us to impress
The portent of a blood-stained holiness.

Yet it was well :—for so, 'mid cares of rule
And crime's encircling tide,
A spell was o'er thee, zealous one, to cool
Earth-joy and kingly pride ;
With battle-scene and pageant, prompt to
blend
The pale calm spectre of a blameless friend.

Ah ! had he lived, before thy throne to stand,
Thy spirit keen and high
Sure it had snapp'd in twain love's slender
band,
So dear in memory ;
Paul, of his comrade reft, the warning gives,—
He lives to us who dies, he is but lost who
lives.

Lazaret, Malta.

January 16, 1833.

HUMILIATION.

I HAVE been honor'd and obey'd,
I have met scorn and slight ;
And my heart loves earth's sober shade,
More than her laughing light.

For what is rule but a sad weight
Of duty and a snare ?
What meanness, but with happier fate
The Saviour's Cross to share ?

This my hid choice, if not from heaven,
Moves on the heavenward line ;
Cleanse it, good Lord, from earthly leaven,
And make it simply Thine.

Lazaret, Malta.

January 16, 1833.

THE CALL OF DAVID.

“ And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him, for this is he.”

LATEST born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the Prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil.
We, thy Angels, circling round thee,
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee,
When thy faith first brought us near
In thy lion-fight severe.

Go ! and mid thy flocks awhile
At thy doom of greatness smile ;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road,—
Rocky road, and scarce ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended.

Twofold praise thou shalt attain,
In royal court and battle plain ;
Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope, and loneliness ;
Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
Dizzied faith, and guilt, and woe .
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom, sin-beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood,
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years.

Strange, that guileless face and form
To lavish on the scarring storm !
Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
And we buffet thee in kindness ;
Little chary of thy fame,—
Dust unborn may bless or blame,—
But we mould thee for the root
Of man's promised healing Fruit,
And we mould thee hence to rise,
As our brother, to the skies.

A BLIGHT.

WHAT time my heart unfolded its fresh leaves
In springtime gay, and scatter'd flowers
around,

A whisper warn'd of earth's unhealthy ground,
And all that there love's light and pureness
grieves ;

Sun's ray and canker-worm,

And sudden-whelming storm ;—

But, ah ! my self-will smiled, nor reck'd the
gracious sound.

So now defilement dims life's memory-spring ;
I cannot hear an early-cherish'd strain,
But first a joy, and then it brings a pain—
Fear, and self-hate, and vain remorseful stings :

Tears lull my grief to rest,

Not without hope, this breast

May one day lose its load, and youth yet
bloom again.

JOSEPH.

O PUREST Symbol of the Eternal Son !
Who dwelt in thee as in some sacred shrine,
To draw hearts after thee, and make them
 thine ;
Not parent only by that light was won,
And brethren crouch'd who had in wrath be-
 gun,
But heathen pomp abased her at the sign
And the hid Presence of a guest divine,
Till a king heard, and all thou bads't was
 done.
Then was fulfill'd Nature's dim augury,
That " Wisdom, clad in visible form, would
 be
So fair, that all must love and bow the knee ; "
Lest it might seem, what time the Substance
 came,
Truth lack'd a sceptre, when It but laid by
Its beaming front, and bore a willing shame.

SUPERSTITION.

O LORD and Christ, Thy children of the South
So shudder, when they see
The two-edged sword sharp-issuing from Thy
mouth,
As to fall back from Thee,
And cling to charms of man, or heathen rite
To aid them against Thee, Thou Fount of
love and light !

But I before Thine awful eyes will go
And firmly fix me there,
In my full shame ; not bent my doom to
know,
Not fainting with despair ;
Not fearing less than they, but deeming sure,
If e'en Thy Name shall fail, nought my base
heart can cure.

Lazaret, Malta.

January 21, 1833.

ISAAC.

MANY the guileless years the Patriarch spent,
Bless'd in the wife a father's foresight chose ;
Many the prayers and gracious deeds, which
rose

Daily thank-offerings from his pilgrim tent.
Yet these, though written in the heavens, are
rent

From out truth's lower roll, which sternly
shows

But one sad trespass at his history's close.
Father's, son's, mother's, and its punishment.
Not in their brightness, but their earthly stains
Are the true seed vouchsafed to earthly eyes.
Sin can read sin, but dimly scans high grace,
So we move heavenward with averted face,
Scared into faith by warning of sin's pains ;
And Saints are lower'd, that the world may rise.

Valletta.

January 23, 1833.

REVERSES.

WHEN mirth is full and free,
Some sudden gloom shall be :
When haughty power mounts high,
The Watcher's axe is nigh.
All growth has bound ; when greatest found,
It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,
Uprears its pageants vast,
And vaunts—it shall! not last !
Bright tints that shine, are but a sign
Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys,
With fond adoring gaze,
And yearning heart, thy friend—
Love to its grave doth tend.
All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
Towards an end.

January 30, 1833.

HOPE.

WE are not children of a guilty sire,
Since Noe stepp'd from out his wave-tossed
home,
And a stern baptism flush'd earth's faded
bloom.
Not that the heavens then clear'd, or cherub's
fire
From Eden's portal did at once retire ;
But thoughts were stirr'd of Him who was to
come,
Whose rainbow hues so streak'd the o'ershadowing
gloom,
That faith could e'en that desolate scene admire.
The Lord has come and gone ; and now we
wait
The second substance of the deluge type,

When our slight ark shall cross a molten
surge ;

So, while the gross earth melts, for judgment
ripe,

Ne'er with its haughty turrets to emerge,

We shall mount up to Eden's long-lost gate.

Valletta.

February 5, 1833.

ST. PAUL AT MELITA.

“ And when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks,
and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of
the heat.”

SECURE in his prophetic strength,

The water peril o'er,

The many-gifted man at length

Stepp'd on the promised shore.

He trod the shore ; but not to rest,

Nor wait till Angels came ;

Lo ! humblest pains the Saint attest,

The firebrands and the flame.

But, when he felt the viper's smart,
Then instant aid was given ;
Christian ! hence learn to do thy part,
And leave the rest to Heaven.

Messina.

February 8, 1833.

WARNINGS.

WHEN Heaven sends sorrow,
Warnings go first,
Lest it should burst
With stunning might
On souls too bright
To fear the morrow.

Can science bear us
To the hid springs
Of human things ?
Why may not dream,
Or thought's day-gleam,
Startle, yet cheer us ?

Are such thoughts fetters,
While Faith disowns
Dread of earth's tones,
Recks but Heaven's call,
And on the wall
Reads but Heaven's letters ?

Between Calatafimi and Palermo.

February 12, 1833.

DREAMS.

OH ! miserable power
To dreams allow'd, to raise the guilty past,
And back awhile the illumined spirit to cast
On its youth's twilight hour ;
In mockery guiling it to act again
The revel or the scoff in Satan's frantic train !

Nay, hush thee, angry heart !
An Angel's grief ill fits a penitent ;
Welcome the thorn—it is divinely sent,
And with its wholesome smart

Shall pierce thee in thy virtue's palmy home,
And warn thee what thou art, and whence
thy wealth has come.

Pæstum.

February 26, 1833.

TEMPTATION.

O HOLY Lord, who with the Children Three
Didst walk the piercing flame,
Help, in those trial-hours, which, save to
Thee,

I dare not name ;

Nor let these quivering eyes and sickening
heart

Crumble to dust beneath the Tempter's dart.

Thou, who didst once Thy life from Mary's
breast

Renew from day to day,

Oh, might Thy smile, severely sweet, but rest

On this frail clay !

Till I am Thine with my whole soul ; and fear,
Not feel a secret joy, that Hell is near.

Frascati.

March 28, 1833.

OUR FUTURE.

“What I do, thou knowest not now ; but thou shalt know hereafter.”

Did we but see,
When life first open'd, how our journey lay
Between its earliest and its closing day,
Or view ourselves, as we one time shall be,
Who strive for the high prize, such sight
would break
The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesu's
sake.

But Thou, dear Lord !
Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were
to come,
Isaac's pure blessings, and a verdant home,
Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful
word :
Wiling me year by year, till I am found
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound.
Tre Fontane. *April 2, 1833.*

HEATHENISM.

'MID Balak's magic fires
The Spirit spake, clear as in Israel ;
With prayers untrue and covetous desires
Did God vouchsafe to dwell ;
Who summon'd dreams, His earlier word to
bring
To patient Job's vex'd friends, and Gerar's
guileless king.

If such o'erflowing grace
From Aaron's vest e'en on the Sibyl ran,
Why should we fear, the Son now lacks His
place
Where roams unchristen'd man ?
As though, where faith is keen, He cannot
make
Bread of the very stones, or thirst with ashes
slake.

TAORMINI.

“And Jacob went on his way, and the Angels of
God met him.”

SAY, hast thou track'd à traveller's round,
Nor visions met thee there,
Thou couldst but marvel to have found
This blighted world so fair?

And feel an awe within thee rise,
That sinful man should see
Glories far worthier Seraph's eyes
Than to be shared by thee?

Store them in heart ! thou shalt not faint
'Mid coming pains and fears,
As the third heaven once nerved a Saint
For fourteen trial-years.

SYMPATHY.

SOULS of the Just, I call not you
To share this joy with me,
This joy and wonder at the view
Of mountain, plain, and sea ;

Ye, on that loftier mountain old,
Safe lodged in Eden's cell,
Whence run the rivers four, behold
This earth, as ere it fell.

Or, when ye think of those who stay
Still tried by the world's fight,
'Tis but in looking for the day
Which shall the lost unite.

Ye rather, elder Spirits strong !
Who from the first have trod
This nether scene, man's race among
The while you live to God,

Ye see, and ye can sympathize—

Vain thought ! their mighty ken
Fills height and depth, the stars, the skies,
They smile at dim-eyed men.

Ah, Saviour ! I perforce am thine,

Angel and Saint apart :

Those searching Eyes are all-divine

All-human is that Heart.

Agosta.

April 29, 1833.

RELICS OF SAINTS.

“ He is not the God of the dead, but of the living ;
for all live unto Him.”

“ THE Fathers are in dust, yet live to God : ”
So says the Truth : as if the motionless clay
Still held the seeds of life beneath the sod,
Smouldering and struggling till the judgment-
day.

And hence we learn with reverence to esteem
Of these frail houses, though the grave confines ;

Sophist may urge his cunning tests, and deem
That they are earth ;—but they are heavenly
shrines.

Palermo.

June 1, 1833.

DAY-LABORERS.

“ And he said, It is finished.”

ONE only, of God's messengers to man,
Finish'd the work of grace, which He began ;
E'en Moses wearied upon Nebo's height,
 Though loth to leave the fight
With the doom'd foe, and yield the sun-bright
land

 To Joshua's armèd hand.

And David wrought in turn a strenuous part,
Zeal for God's house consuming him in heart ;

And yet he might not build, but only bring
Gifts for the Heavenly King ;
And these another rear'd, his peaceful son,
Till the full work was done.

List, Christian warrior ! thou, whose soul is
fain
To rid thy Mother of her present chain ;—
Christ will avenge His Bride ; yea, even now
Begins the work, and thou
Shalt spend in it thy strength, but, ere He
save,
Thy lot shall be the grave.

Palermo.

June 2, 1833.

WARFARE.

“Freely ye have received ; freely give.”

“GIVE any boon for peace !
Why should our fair-eyed Mother e'er engage
In the world's course and on a troubled stage,
From which her very call is a release ?
No ! in thy garden stand,
And tend with pious hand

The flowers thou plantest there,
Which are thy proper care,
O man of God ! in meekness and in love,
And waiting for the blissful realms above."

Alas ! for thou must learn,
Thou guileless one ! rough is the holy hand ;
Runs not the Word of Truth through every
land,
A sword to sever, and a fire to burn ?
If blessèd Paul had stay'd
In cot or learned shade,
With the priest's white attire,
And the Saints' tuneful choir,
Men had not gnash'd their teeth, nor risen to
slay,
But thou hadst been a heathen in thy day.

Palermo.

June 3, 1833.

SACRILEGE.

THE Church shone brightly in her youthful
days,

Ere the world on her smiled ;
So now, an outcast, she would pour her rays
Keen, free, and undefiled :

Yet would I not that arm of force were mine,
Which thrusts her from her awful ancient
shrine.

'Twas duty bound each convert-king to rear
His Mother from the dust,
And pious was it to enrich, nor fear
Christ for the rest to trust ;
And who shall dare make common or unclean
What once has on the Holy Altar been ?

Dear brothers !—hence, while ye for ill pre-
pare,

Triumph is still your own ;
Blest is a pilgrim Church !—yet shrink to
share

The curse of throwing down.

So will we toil in our old place to stand,
Watching, not dreading, the despoiler's hand.

Palermo.

June 4, 1833.

LIBERALISM.

“Jehu destroyed Baal out of Israel. Howbeit from the sins of Jeroboam Jehu departed not from after them, to wit, the golden calves that were in Bethel, and that were in Dan.”

YE cannot halve the Gospel of God's grace ;
Men of presumptuous heart ! I know you
well.

Ye are of those who plan that we should
dwell,

Each in his tranquil home and holy place ;
Seeing the Word refines all natures rude,
And tames the stirrings of the multitude.

And ye have caught some echoes of its lore,
As heralded amid the joyous choirs ;

Ye mark'd it spoke of peace, chastised desires,
Good-will and mercy,—and ye heaid no
more ;

But, as for zeal and quick-eyed sanctity,
And the dread depths of grace, ye pass'd them
by.

And so ye have the Truth ; for ye in heart,
At best, are doubters whether it be true,
The theme discarding, as unmeet for you,
Statesmen or Sages. O new-compass'd art
Of the ancient Foe !—but what, if it extends
O'er our own camp, and rules amid our
friends ?

Palermo.

June 5, 1833.

DECLENSION.

WHEN I am sad, I say,
“ What boots it me to strive,
And vex my spirit day by day,
Dead memories to revive ?

“ Alas ! what good will come,
Though we our prayer obtain,
To bring old times triumphant home,
And wandering flocks regain ?

“ Would not our history run
In the same weary round,
And service in meek faith begun,
At length in forms be bound ?

“ Union would give us strength—
That strength the earth subdue ;
And then comes wealth, and pride at length,
And sloth, and prayers untrue.”

Nay, this is worldly-wise ;
To reason is a crime,
Since the Lord bade His Church arise,
In the dark ancient time.

He wills that she should shine ;
So we her flame must trim
Around His soul-converting Sign,
And leave the rest to Him.

THE AGE TO COME.

WHEN I would search the truths that in me
burn,
And mould them into rule and argument,
A hundred reasoners cried,—“ Hast thou to
learn
Those dreams are scatter'd now, those fires
are spent ?”
And, did I mount to simpler thoughts, and
try
Some theme of peace, 'twas still the same re-
ply.

Perplex'd, I hoped my heart was pure of guile,
But judged me weak in wit, to disagree ;
But now I see that men are mad awhile,
And joy the Age to come will think with
me :—

'Tis the old history—Truth without a home,
Despised and slain, then rising from the
tomb.

EXTERNAL RELIGION.

WHEN first earth's rulers welcomed home
The Church, their zeal impress'd
Upon the seasons, as they come,
The image of their guest.

Men's words and works, their hopes and fears,
Henceforth forbid to move,
Paused, when a Martyr claim'd her tears,
Or Saint inspired her love.

But craving wealth, and feverish power,
Such service now discard ;
The loss of one excited hour
A sacrifice too hard !

And e'en about the holiest day,
God's own in every time,
They doubt and search, lest aught should stay
A cataract of crime.

Where shall this cease ? must crosiers fall,
 Shrines suffer touch profane,
 Till, cast without His vineyard wall,
 The Heaven-sent Heir is slain ?

Palermo.

June 11, 1833.

ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

PEACE-LOVING man, of humble heart and true !

What dost thou here ?

Fierce is the city's crowd : the lordly few

Are dull of ear !

Sore pain it was to thee, —till thou didst quit
 Thy patriarch-throne at length, as though for
 power unfit.

So works the All-wise ! our services dividing

Not as we ask :

For the world's profit, by our gifts deciding

Our duty-task.

See in king's courts loth Jeremias plead ;

And slow-tongued Moses rule by eloquence
 of deed !

Yes ! thou, bright Angel of the East ! didst
rear

The Cross divine,
Borne high upon thy liquid accents, where
Men mock'd the Sign ;
Till that cold city heard thy battle-cry,
And hearts were stirr'd, and deem'd a Pente-
cost was nigh.

Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not
rule :—

So, gentle one,
Heaven set thee free,—for, ere thy years were
full,

Thy work was done ;
According thee the lot thou lovedst best,
To muse upon the past, —to serve, yet be at
rest.

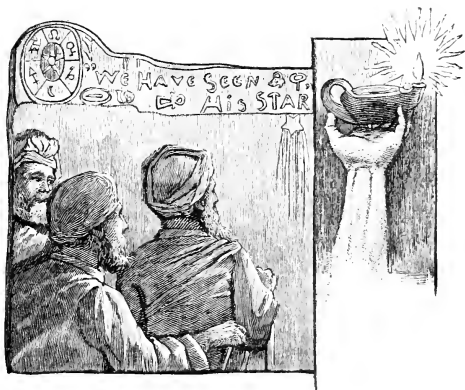
Palermo.

June 12, 1833.

REVERENCE.

I bow at Jesu's name, for 'tis the Sign
Of awful mercy towards a guilty line.
Of shameful ancestry, in birth defiled,
And upwards from a child
Full of anlovely thoughts and rebel aims
And scorn of judgment-flames,
How without fear can I behold my Life,
The Just assailing sin, and death-stain'd in
the strife?

And so, albeit His woe is our release,
Thought of that woe aye dims our earthly
peace ;
The Life is hidden in a Fount of Blood !
And this is tidings good
For souls, who, pierced that they have caused
that woe,
Are fain to share it too :
But for the many, clinging to their lot
Of wordly ease and sloth, 'tis written, " Touch
Me not."



THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.
So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

At Sea.

June 16, 1833.

SAMARIA.

O RAIL not at our kindred in the North,
Albeit Samaria finds her likeness there ;
A self-formed Priesthood, and the Church cast
forth
To the chill mountain air.

What, though their fathers sinned, and lost
the grace

Which seals the Holy Apostolic Line?

Christ's love o'erflows the bounds His Pro-
phets trace

In His reveal'd design.

Israel had Seers ; to them the Word is nigh ;
Shall not that Word run forth, and gladness
give

To many a Shunammite, till in His eye
The full Seven-thousand live?

Off Sardinia.

June 17, 1833.

JONAH.

“ But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish, from the
presence of the Lord.”

DEEP in his meditative bower,

The tranquil seer reclined ;

Numbering the creepers of an hour,

The gourds which o'er him twined.

To note each plant, to rear each fruit
Which soothes the languid sense,
He deem'd a safe, refined pursuit,—
His Lord, an indolence.

The sudden voice was heard at length,
“Lift thou the prophet's rod !”
But sloth had sapp'd the prophet's strength,
He fear'd, and fled from God.

Next, by a fearful judgment tamed,
He threats the offending race ;
God spares ;—he murmurs, pride-inflamed,
His threat made void by grace.

What?—pride and sloth ! man's worst of foes !
And can such guests invade
Our choicest bliss, the green repose
Of the sweet garden-shade ?

Off Sardinia.

June 18, 1833.

FAITH AGAINST SIGHT.

“As it was in the days of Lot, so shall it be also in
the day of the Son of Man.”

THE world has cycles in its course, when all
That once has been, is acted o'er again :—
Not by some fated law, which need appal
Our faith, or binds our deeds as with a chain ;
But by men's separate sins, which blended still
The same bad round fulfil.

Then fear ye not, though Gallio's scorn ye see,
And soft-clad nobles count you mad, true
hearts !

These are the fig-tree's signs ;—rough deeds
must be,

Trials and crimes : so learn ye well your parts.
Once more to plough the earth it is decreed,
And scatter wide the seed.

DESOLATION.

O, SAY not thou art left of God,
Because His tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read : this earth He trod
To teach thee He was ever nigh.

He sees, beneath the fig-tree green,
Nathaniel con His sacred lore ;
Shouldst thou thy chamber seek, unseen,
He enters through the unopen'd door.

And when thou liest, by slumber bound,
Outwearied in the Christian fight,
In glory, girt with Saints around,
He stands above thee through the night.

When friends to Emmaus bend their course,
He joins, although He holds their eyes :
Or, shouldst thou feel some fever's force,
He takes thy hand, He bids thee rise.

Or on a voyage, when calms prevail,
And prison thee upon the sea,
He walks the wave, He wings the sail,
The shore is gained, and thou art free.

Off Sardinia.

June 18, 1833.

ZEAL AND PATIENCE.

“I, Paul, the prisoner of the Lord.”

O COMRADE bold of toil and pain !
Thy trial how severe,
When sever'd first by prisoner's chain
From thy loved labor-sphere !

Say, did impatience first impel
The heaven-sent bond to break ?
Or, couldst thou bear its hindrance well,
Loitering for Jesu's sake ?

Oh, might we know ! for sore we feel
 The languor of delay,
 When sickness lets our fainter zeal,
 Or foes block up our way.

Lord ! who Thy thousand years dost wait
 To work the thousandth part
 Of Thy vast plan, for us create
 With zeal a patient heart.

Off Sardinia.

June 19, 1833.

THE RELIGION OF CAIN.

“ Am I my brother’s keeper ? ”

THE time has been, it seem’d a precept plain
 Of the true faith, Christ’s tokens to display ;
 And in life’s commerce still the thought retain,
 That men have souls, and wait a judgment-
 day ;

Kings used their gifts as ministers of heaven,
 Nor stripp’d their zeal for God of means
 which God had given.

'Tis alter'd now ;—for Adam's eldest born
 Has train'd our practice in a selfish rule,
 Each stands alone, Christ's bonds asunder
 torn ;
 Each has his private thought, selects his
 school,
 Conceals his creed, and lives in closest tie
 Of fellowship with those who count it blasphem-
 my.

Brothers ! spare reasoning ;—men have set-
 tled long
 That ye are out of date, and they are wise ;
 Use their own weapons ; let your words be
 strong,
 Your cry be loud, till each scared boaster flies ;
 Thus the Apostles tamed the pagan breast,
 They argued not, but preach'd ; and con-
 science did the rest.

Off Sardinia.

June 19, 1833.

ST. PAUL.

I DREAM'D that, with a passionate complaint,
I wish'd me born amid God's deeds of might ;
And envied those who had the presence bright
Of gifted Prophet and strong-hearted Saint,
Whom my heart loves, and Fancy strives to
paint.

I turn'd, when straight a stranger met my
sight,

Came as my guest, and did awhile unite
His lot with mine, and lived without restraint.
Courteous he was, and grave,—so meek in
mien,

It seem'd untrue, or told a purpose weak ;
Yet, in the mood, he could with aptness
speak,

Or with stern force, or show of feelings keen,
Marking deep craft, methought, or hidden
pride :—

Then came a voice,—“ St. Paul is at thy
side.”

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng ;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weigh'd,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

Off Sardinia.

June 20, 1833

ZEAL AND MEEKNESS.

CHRIST bade His followers take the sword ;
And yet He chid the deed,
When Peter seized upon His word,
And made a foe to bleed.

The gospel Creed, a sword of strife,
Meek hands alone may rear ;
And ever Zeal begins its life
In silent thought and fear.

Ye, who would weed the Vineyard's soil,
Treasure the lesson given ;
Lest in the judgment-books ye toil
For Satan, not for heaven.

Off Sardinia.

June 20, 1833.

VEXATIONS.

EACH trial has its weight ; which, whoso bears
Knows his own woe, and need of succoring
 grace ;

The martyr's hope half wipes away the trace
Of flowing blood ; the while life's humblest
 cares

Smart more, because they hold in Holy Writ
 no place.

This be my comfort, in these days of grief,
Which is not Christ's, nor forms heroic tale.
Apart from Him, if not a sparrow fail,
May not He pitying view, and send relief
When foes or friends perplex, and peevish
 thoughts prevail ?

Then keep good heart, nor take the niggard
 course

Of Thomas, who must see ere he would trust.
Faith will fill up God's word, not poorly just
To the bare letter, heedless of its force,
But walking by its light amid earth's sun and
 dust.

Off Sardinia.

June 21, 1833.

THE CHURCH IN PRAYER.

WHY loiterest within Simon's walls,
 Hard by the barren sea,
 Thou Saint ! when many a sinner calls
 To preach and set him free ?

Can this be he, who erst confess'd
 For Christ affection keen,
 Now truant in untimely rest,
 The mood of an Essene ?

Yet he who at the sixth hour sought
 The lone house-top to pray,
 There gain'd a sight beyond his thought,
 The dawn of Gentile day.

Then reckon not, when perils lour,
 The time of prayer mis-spent ;
 Nor meanest chance, nor place, nor hour,
 Without its heavenward bent.

THE WRATH TO COME.

“From His mouth came out a sharp two-edged sword.”

WHEN first God stirr'd me, and the Church's
• word

Came as a theme of reverent search and fear,
It little cost to own the lustre clear
O'er rule she taught, and rite, and doctrine
pour'd ;

For conscience craved, and reason did accord.
Yet one there was that wore a mien austere,
And I did doubt, and, troubled, ask'd to hear
Whose mouth had force to edge so sharp a
sword.

My mother oped her trust, the holy Book ;
And healed my pang. She pointed, and I
found

Christ on Himself, considerate Master, took
The utterance of that doctrine's fearful sound.
The Fount of Love His servants sends to tell
Love's deeds ; Himself reveals the sinner's
hell.

Off Sardinia.

June 21, 1833

PUSILLANIMITY.

“I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest
Thou to me?”

How didst thou start, Thou Holy Baptist, bid
To pour repentance on the Sinless Brow !
Then all thy meekness, from thy hearers hid,
Beneath the Ascetic's port, and Preacher's
fire,
Flow'd forth, and with a pang thou didst de-
sire

He might be chief, not thou.

And so on us at whiles it falls, to claim
Powers that we dread, or dare some forward
part ;
Nor must we shrink as cravens from the blame
Of pride, in common eyes, or purpose deep ;
But with pure thoughts look up to God, and
keep
Our secret in our heart.

At Sea.

June 22, 1833.

JAMES AND JOHN.

Two brothers freely cast their lot
With David's royal Son ;
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
An undivided joy ;
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard ; and will'd that James should
fall,
First prey of Satan's rage ;
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above,
Before the Conqueror's throne ;
Thus God grants prayer, but in His love
Makes times and ways His own.

At Sea.

June 22, 1833.

HORA NOVISSIMA.

WHENE'ER goes forth Thy dread command,
And my last hour is nigh,
Lord, grant me in a Christian land,
As I was born, to die.

I pray not, Lord, that friends may be,
Or kindred, standing by.—
Choice blessing ! which I leave to Thee
To grant me or deny.

But let my failing limbs beneath
My Mother's smile recline ;
And prayers sustain my laboring breath
From out her Sacred shrine.

And let the Cross beside my bed
In its due emblems rest :
And let the absolving words be said,
To ease a laden breast.

Thou, Lord, where'er we lie, canst aid ;
But He, who taught His own
To live as one, will not upbraid
The dread to die alone.

CONSOLATION.

“It is I ; be not afraid.”

WHEN I sink down in gloom or fear,
Hope blighted or delay'd,
Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer,
“ ’Tis I ; be not afraid ! ”

Or, startled at some sudden blow,
If fretful thoughts I feel,
“ Fear not, it is but I ! ” shall flow,
As balm my wound to heal.

Nor will I quit Thy way, though foes
Some onward pass defend ;
From each rough voice the watchword goes,
“ Be not afraid ! . . . a friend ! ”

And oh ! when judgment's trumpet clear
Awakes me from the grave,
Still in its echo may I hear,
“ ’Tis Christ ; He comes to save.”

At Sea.

June 23, 1833.

UZZAH AND OBED-EDOM.

THE ark of God has hidden strength ;
Who reverence or profane,
They, or their seed, shall find at length
The penalty or gain.

While as a sojourner it sought
Of old its destined place,
A blessing on the home it brought
Of one who did it grace.

But there was one, outstripping all
The holy-vestured band,
Who laid on it, to save its fall,
A rude corrective hand.

Read, who the Church would cleanse, and
mark
How stern the warning runs ;
There are two ways to aid her ark—
As patrons, and as sons.

At Sea.

June 24, 1833.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

ONCE cast with men of language strange
And foreign-moulded creed,
I mark'd their random converse change,
And sacred themes succeed.

Oh, how I coveted the gift
To thread their mingled throng
Of sounds, then high my witness lift !
But weakness chain'd my tongue.

Lord ! has our dearth of faith and prayer
Lost us this power once given,
Or is it sent at seasons rare,
And then flits back to heaven ?

At Sea.

June 24, 1833.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

THERE is not on the earth a soul so base
 But may obtain a place
 In covenanted grace ;
 So that his feeble prayer of faith obtains
 Some loosening of his chains,
 And earnest of the great release, which rise
 From gift to gift, and reach at length the
 eternal prize.

All may save self ;—but minds that heaven-
 ward tower
 Aim at a wider power,
 Gifts on the world to shower. —
 And this is not at once ;—by fastings gain'd,
 And trials well sustain'd,
 By pureness, righteous deeds, and toils of love,
 Abidance in the Truth, and zeal for God above.

At Sea.

June 24, 1833.

SEMITA JUSTORUM.

WHEN I look back upon my former race,
Seasons I see at which the Inward Ray
More brightly burn'd, or guided some new
way ;

Truth, in its wealthier scene and nobler space
Given for my eye to range, and feet to trace.
And next I mark, 'twas trial did convey,
Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,
To my tormented soul such larger grace.
So now, whene'er, in journeying on. I feel
The shadow of the Providential Hand,
Deep breathless stirrings shoot across my
breast,

Searching to know what He will now reveal,
What sin uncloak, what stricter rule command,
And girding me to work His full behest.

At Sea.

June 25, 1833.

THE ELEMENTS.

(A Tragic Chorus.)

MAN is permitted much
To scan and learn
In nature's frame ;
Till he well-nigh can tame
Brute mischiefs and can touch
Invisible things, and turn
All warring ills to purposes of good.
Thus, as a god below,
He can control,
And harmonize, what seems amiss to flow
As sever'd from the whole
And dimly understood.

But o'er the elements
One Hand alone,
One Hand has sway.
What influence day by day
In straiter belt prevents
The impious Ocean, thrown

Alternate o'er the ever-sounding shore ?
Or who has eye to trace
How the Plague came ?
Forerun the doublings of the Tempest's race ?
Or the Air's weight and flame
On a set scale explore ?

Thus God has will'd
That man, when fully skill'd,
Still gropes in twilight dim ;
Encompass'd all his hours
By fearfulest powers
Inflexible to him,
That so he may discern
His feebleness.
And e'en for earth's success
To Him in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the keys of either home,
Earth and the world to come.

At Sea.

June 25, 1833.

JUDAISM.

A Tragic Chorus.)

O PITEOUS race !

Fearful to look upon,

Once standing in high place,

Heaven's eldest son.

O aged blind

Unvenerable ! as thou flittest by

I liken thee to him in pagan song,

In thy gaunt majesty,

The vagrant King, of haughty-purposed mind,

Whom prayer nor plague could bend :¹

Wrong'd, at the cost of him who did the
wrong,

Accursed himself, but in his cursing strong,

And honor'd in his end.

¹ Vide the *Œdipus Coloneus* of Sophocles.

O Abraham ! sire,
Shamed in thy progeny ;
Who to thy faith aspire,
Thy Hope deny.
Well wast thou given
From out the heathen an adopted heir,
Raised strangely from the dead when sin had
slain
Thy former-cherish'd care.
O holy men, ye first-wrought gems of heaven
Polluted in your kin,
Come to our fonts, your lustre to regain.
O Holiest Lord ! but Thou canst take
no stain
Of blood, or taint of sin.

Twice in their day
Proffer of precious cost
Was made, Heaven's hand to stay
Ere all was lost.
The first prevail'd ;
Moses was outcast from the promised home,
For his own sin, yet taken at his prayer
To change his people's doom.
Close on their eve, one other ask'd and fail'd ;

When fervent Paul was fain
 The accursèd tree, as Christ had borne, to
 bear,
 No hopeful answer came,—a Price more rare
 Already shed in vain.

Off Marseilles Harbor.

June 27, 1833.

SEPARATION OF FRIENDS.

Do not their souls, who 'neath the Altar wait
 Until their second birth,
 The gift of patience need, as separate
 From their first friends of earth ?
 Not that earth's blessings are not all outshone
 By Eden's Angel flame,
 But that earth knows not yet, the Dead has
 won
 That crown, which was his aim.
 For when he left it, 'twas a twilight scene
 About his silent bier,
 A breathless struggle, faith and sight between,
 And Hope and sacred Fear.

Fear startled at his pains and dreary end,
 Hope raised her chalice high,
 And the twin-sisters still his shade attend,
 View'd in the mourner's eye.
 So day by day for him from earth ascends,
 As steam in summer-even,
 The speechless intercession of his friends,
 Toward the azure heaven.
 Ah ! dearest, with a word he could dispel
 All questioning, and raise
 Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,
 And turning prayer to praise.
 And other secrets too he could declare,
 By patterns all divine,
 His earthly creed retouching here and there,
 And deepening every line.
 Dearest ! he longs to speak, as I to know,
 And yet we both refrain :
 It were not good : a little doubt below,
 And all will soon be plain.³

Marseilles.

June 27, 1833.

³ The last twelve lines were added Feb. 28, 1836, the date of R. Hurrell Froude's death.

MORNING.

FROM ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

I **RISE** and raise my clasped hands to Thee !
Henceforth, the darkness hath no part in me,
Thy sacrifice this day ;
Abiding firm, and with a freeman's might
Stemming the waves of passion in the fight ;—
Ah, should I from Thee stray,
My hoary head, Thy table where I bow,
Will be my shame, which are mine honor now.
Thus I set out ;—Lord ! lead me on my way !
Oxford. 1834.

EVENING.

FROM ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

O **HOLDEST** Truth ! how have I lied to Thee !
I vow'd this day Thy festival should be :
But I am dim ere night.
Surely I made my prayer, and I did deem
That I could keep in me Thy morning beam,
Immaculate and bright.

But my foot slipp'd ; and, as I lay, he came,
My gloomy foe, and robb'd me of heaven's
flame.

Help Thou my darkness, Lord, till I am light.

Oxford.

1834.

A HERMITAGE.

FROM ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

SOME one whisper'd yesterday,
Of the rich and fashionable,
Gregory in his own small way
Easy was and comfortable.

Had he not of wealth his fill
Whom a garden gay did bless,
And a gently trickling rill,
And the sweets of idleness?

I made answer :—" Is it ease
Fasts to keep and tears to shed,
Vigil hours and wounded knees,
Call you these a pleasant bed?"

Thus a veritable monk
Does to death his fleshly frame ;
Be there who in sloth are sunk,
They have forfeited the name.

Oxford.

1834.

INTERCESSION.

WHILE Moses on the Mountain lay,
Night after night, and day by day,
Till forty suns were gone,
Unconscious, in the Presence bright,
Of lustrous day and starry night,
As though his soul had flitted quite
From earth, and Eden won ;

The pageant of a kingdom vast,
And things unutterable, pass'd
Before the Prophet's eye ;
Dread shadows of th' Eternal Throne,
The fount of Life, and Altar-stone,
Pavement, and them that tread thereon,
And those who worship nigh.

But lest he should his own forget,
Who in the vale were struggling yet,
 A sadder vision came,
Announcing all that guilty deed
Of idol rite, that in their need
He for his flock might intercede,
 And stay Heaven's rising flame.

Oxford.

September 4, 1835.

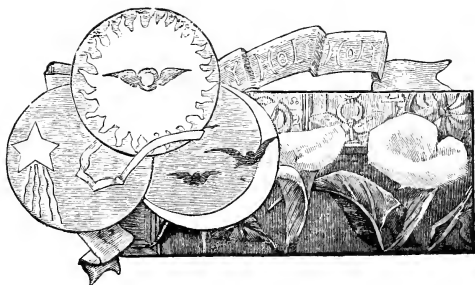
WAITING FOR THE MORNING.

“Quoddam quasi pratum, in quo animæ nihil patiebantur, sed manebant, nondum idoneæ Visioni Beatæ.”—*Bedæ Hist.* v.

THEY are at rest :
We may not stir the heaven of their repose
With loud-voiced grief, or passionate request,
 Or selfish plaint for those
Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river, as it hurries by.

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage vale ;
But they at eddying pool or current deep
 Shall never more grow pale ;
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to
 know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream
 shall flow.

And soothing sounds
Blend with the neighboring waters as they
 glide ;
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds
 Angelic forms abide,
Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and
 grove,
The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant
 above.



Hymns for Matins.¹

SUNDAY.

Primo die, quo Trinitas.

TO-DAY the Blessed Three in One
Began the earth and skies ;
To-day a Conqueror, God the Son,
Did from the grave arise ;

¹ These Hymns are all free translations, made in 1836-8, from the Roman Breviary, except two, which are from the Parisian.

We too will wake, and, in despite
Of sloth and languor, all unite,
As Psalmists bid, through the dim night
Waiting with wistful eyes.

So may He hear, and heed each vow
And prayer to Him addressed ;
And grant an instant cleansing now,
A future glorious rest.

So may He plentifully shower,
On all who hymn His love and power,
In this most still and sacred hour
His sweetest gifts and best.

Father of purity and light !
Thy presence if we win,
'Twill shield us from the deeds of night,
The burning darts of sin ;
Lest aught defiled or dissolute
Relax our bodies or imbrute,
And fires eternal be the fruit
Of fire now lit within.

Fix in our hearts, Redeemer dear,
The ever-gushing spring
Of grace to cleanse, of life to cheer
Souls sick and sorrowing.

Thee, bounteous Father, we intreat,
And Only Son, awful and sweet,
And life-creating Paraclete,
The everlasting King.

*SUNDAY.—2.**Nocte surgentes.*

Let us arise, and watch by night,
And meditate always ;
And chant, as in our Maker's sight,
United hymns of praise.

So, singing with the Saints in bliss,
With them we may attain
Life everlasting after this,
And heaven for earthly pain.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

MONDAY.

Somno refecti artubus.

SLEEP has refresh'd our limbs, we spring
From off our bed, and rise ;
Lord, on Thy suppliants, while they sing,
Look with a Father's eyes.

Be Thou the first on every tongue,
The first in every heart ;
That all our doings all day long,
Holiest ! from Thee may start.

Cleanse Thou the gloom, and bid the light
Its healing beams renew ;
The sins, which have crept in with night,
With night shall vanish too.

Our bosoms, Lord, unburthen Thou,
Let nothing there offend ;
That those who hymn Thy praises now
May hymn them to the end.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

TUESDAY.

Consors Paterni luminis.

O GOD from God, and Light from Light,
Who art Thyself the day,
Our chants shall break the clouds of night ;
Be with us while we pray.

Chase Thou the gloom that haunts the mind,
The thronging shades of hell,

The sloth and drowsiness that bind
The senses with a spell.

Lord, to their sins indulgent be,
Who, in this hour forlorn,
By faith in what they do not see,
With songs prevent the morn.
Grant this, O Father, etc.

WEDNESDAY.

Rerum Creator optime.

Who madest all and dost control,
Lord, with Thy touch divine,
Cast out the slumbers of the soul,
The rest that is not Thine.

Look down, Eternal Holiness,
And wash the sins away,
Of those, who, rising to confess,
Outstrip the lingering day.

Our hearts and hands by night, O Lord,
We lift them in our need ;
As holy Psalmists give the word,
And holy Paul the deed.

Each sin to Thee of years gone by,
Each hidden stain lies bare ;
We shrink not from Thine awful eye,
But pray that Thou wouldst spare.
Grant this, O Father, etc.

THURSDAY.

Nox atra rerum contegit.

ALL tender lights, all hues divine
The night has swept away ;
Shine on us, Lord, and we shall shine
Bright in an inward day

The spots of guilt, sin's wages base,
Searcher of hearts, we own ;
Wash us and robe us in Thy grace,
Who didst for sins atone.

The sluggard soul, that bears their mark,
Shrinks in its silent lair,
Or gropes amid its chambers dark
For Thee, who art not there.

Redeemer ! send Thy piercing rays,
That we may bear to be
Set in the light of Thy pure gaze,
And yet rejoice in Thee.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

FRIDAY.

Tu Trinitatis Unitas.

MAY the dread Three in One, who sways
All with His sovereign might,
Accept us for this hymn of praise,
His watchers in the night.

For in the night, when all is still,
We spurn our bed and rise,
To find the balm for ghostly ill,
His bounteous hand supplies.

If e'er by night our envious foe
With guilt our souls would stain,
May the deep streams of mercy flow,
And make us white again ;

That so with bodies braced and bright,
And hearts awake within,
All fresh and keen may burn our light,
Undimm'd, unsoil'd by sin.

Shine on Thine own, Redeemer sweet !
Thy radiance increate
Through the long day shall keep our feet
In their pure morning state.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

SATURDAY.

Summæ Parens clementiæ.

FATHER of mercies infinite,
Ruling all things that be,
Who, shrouded in the depth and height,
Art One, and yet art Threc ;

Accept our chants, accept our tears,
A mingled stream we pour ;
Such stream the laden bosom cheers,
To taste Thy sweetness more.

Purge Thou with fire the o'ercharged mind,
Its sores and wounds profound ;
And with the watcher's girdle bind
The limbs which sloth has bound.

That they who with their chants by night
Before Thy presence come,
All may be fill'd with strength and light
From their eternal home.

Grant this, O Father, etc.

Hymns for Lauds.

SUNDAY.

Æterne rerum conditor.

FRAMER of the earth and sky,
Ruler of the day and night,
With a glad variety,
Tempering all, and making light ;

Gleams upon our dark path flinging,
Cutting short each night begun,
Hark ! for chanticleer is singing,
Hark ! he chides the lingering sun.

And the morning star replies,
And lets loose the imprison'd day ;
And the godless bandit flies
From his haunt and from his prey.

Shrill it sounds, the storm relenting
Soothes the weary seaman's ears ;
Once it wrought a great repenting,
In that flood of Peter's tears.

Rouse we ; let the blithesome cry
Of that bird our hearts awaken ;
Chide the slumberers as they lie,
And arrest the sin-o'ertaken.

Hope and health are in his strain,
To the fearful and the ailing ;
Murder sheathes his blade profane,
Faith revives when faith was failing.

Jesu, Master ! when we sin,
Turn on us Thy healing face ;
It will melt the offence within
Into penitential grace :

Beam on our bewilder'd mind,
Till its dreamy shadows flee ;
Stones cry out where Thou hast shined,
Jesu ! musical with Thee.

To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, who in Heaven
Ever witness, Three and One,
Praise on Earth be ever given.

SUNDAY.

Ecce jam noctis.

PALER have grown the shades of night,
And nearer draws the day,
Checkering the sky with streaks of light,
Since we began to pray :

To pray for mercy when we sin,
For cleansing and release,
For ghostly safety, and within
For everlasting peace.

Praise to the Father, as is meet,
Praise to the Only Son,
Praise to the Holy Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

MONDAY.

Splendor Paternæ gloriæ.

OF the Father Effluence bright,
Out of Light evolving light,
Light from Light, unfailing Ray,
Day creative of the day :

Truest Sun, upon us stream
With Thy calm perpetual beam,
In the Spirit's still sunshine
Making sense and thought divine.

Seek we too the Father's face,
Father of almighty grace,
And of majesty excelling,
Who can purge our tainted dwelling ;

Who can aid us, who can break
Teeth of envious foes, and make
Hours of loss and pain succeed,
Guiding safe each duteous deed,

And infusing self-control,
Fragrant chastity of soul,
Faith's keen flame to soar on high,
Incorrupt simplicity.

Christ Himself for food be given,
Faith become the cup of Heaven,
Out of which the joy is quaff'd
Of the Spirit's sobering draught.

With that joy replenishèd,
Morn shall glow with modest red,
Noon with beaming faith be bright,
Eve be soft without twilight.

It has dawn'd ;—upon our way,
Father, in Thy Word, this day,
In Thy Father Word Divine,
From Thy cloudy pillar shine.

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three and One,
As of old, and as in Heaven,
Now and here be glory given.

TUESDAY.

Ales diei nuntius,

DAY's herald bird
At length is heard,
Telling its morning torch is lit,
And small and still
Christ's accents thrill,
Within the heart rekindling it.

Away, He cries,
With languid eyes,
And sickly slumbers profitless !
I am at hand,
As watchers stand,
In awe, and truth, and holiness.

He will appear
The hearts to cheer
Of suppliants pale and abstinent,
Who cannot sleep
Because they weep
With holy grief and violent.

Keep us awake,
The fetters break,
esu ! which night has forged for us ;
Yea, melt the night
To sinless light,
Till all is bright and glorious.

To Father, Son,
And Spirit, One,
To the Most Holy Trinity,
All praise be given
In Earth and Heaven,
Now, as of old, and endlessly.

WEDNESDAY.

Nox et tenebræ et nubia.

HAUNTING gloom and flitting shades,
Ghastly shapes, away !
Christ is rising, and pervades
Highest Heaven with day.

He with His bright spear the night
Dazzles and pursues ;
Earth wakes up, and glows with light
Of a thousand hues.

Thee, O Christ, and Thee alone,
With a single mind,
We with chant and plaint would own :
To Thy flock be kind.

Much it needs Thy light divine,
Spot and stain to clean ;
Light of Angels, on us shine
With Thy face serene.

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Holy Ghost,
Here be glory, as is done
By the angelic host.

THURSDAY.

Lux ecce surgit aurea.

SEE, the golden dawn is glowing,
While the paly shades are going,
Which have led us far and long,
In a labyrinth of wrong.

May it bring us peace serene ;
May it cleanse, as it is clean ;
Plain and clear our words be spoke,
And our thoughts without a cloak ;

So the day's account, shall stand.
Guileless tongue and holy hand,
Stedfast eyes and unbeguiled,
“Flesh as of a little child.”

There is One who from above
Watches how the still hours move
Of our day of service done,
From the dawn to setting sun.

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three and One,

As of old, and as in Heaven,
Now and here be glory given.

FRIDAY.

Æterna cœli gloria.

GLORY of the eternal Heaven,
Blessed Hope to mortals given,
Of the Almighty Only Son,
And the Virgin's Holy One ;
Raise us, Lord, and we shall rise
 In a sober mood,
And a zeal, which glorifies
 Thee from gratitude.

Now the day-star, keenly glancing,
Tells us of the Sun's advancing ;
While the unhealthy shades decline,
Rise within us, Light Divine !
Rise, and, risen, go not hence,
 Stay, and make us bright,
Streaming through each cleansèd sense,
 On the outward night.

Then the root of faith shall spread
In the heart new fashionèd ;
Gladsome hope shall spring above,
And shall bear the fruit of love.
To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Holy Ghost,
Here be glory, as is done
 By the angelic host.

SATURDAY.

Aurora jam spargit polum.

THE dawn is sprinkled o'er the sky,
 The day steals softly on ;
Its darts are scatter'd far and nigh,
And all that fraudulent is, shall fly
 Before the brightening sun ;
Spectres of ill, that stalk at will,
 And forms of guilt that fright,
And hideous sin, that ventures in
 Under the cloak of night.

And of our crimes the tale complete,
Which bows us in Thy sight,
Up to the latest, they shall fleet,
Out-told by our full numbers sweet,
And melted by the light.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, One,
Whom we adore and love,
Be given all praise, now and always,
Here as in Heaven above.

PRIME.

Jam lucis orto sidere.

(*From the Parisian Breviary.*¹)

Now that the day-star glimmers bright,
We suppliantly pray
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us on our way.

¹ Vide the Anglo-Norman History of Sir Francis Palgrave (Vol. iii. p. 588), who did the Author the honor of asking him for a translation of this hymn, as also of the *Christe Pastorum*, *infra*.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove ;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

And, while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguer'd by the foe,—
The gate of every sense.

And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favor end.

And, lest the flesh in its excess
Should lord it o'er the soul,
Let taming abstinence repress
The rebel, and control.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His Only Son,
And to the Spirit, One and Three,
While endless ages run.

TERCE.

Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus.

COME, Holy Ghost, who ever One
Reignest with Father and with Son,
It is the hour, our souls possess
With Thy full food of holiness.

Let flesh, and heart, and lips, and mind,
Sound forth our witness to mankind ;
And love light up our mortal frame,
Till others catch the living flame.

Now to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise and thanks and glory given
By men on earth, by Saints in heaven.

•

SEXT.

Rector potens, verax Deus.

O GOD, who canst not change nor fail,
Guiding the hours, as they roll by,
Bright'ning with beams the morning pale,
And burning in the mid-day sky,

Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart ;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls Thy peace impart.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all glory, Three in One,
Be given in every time and place.

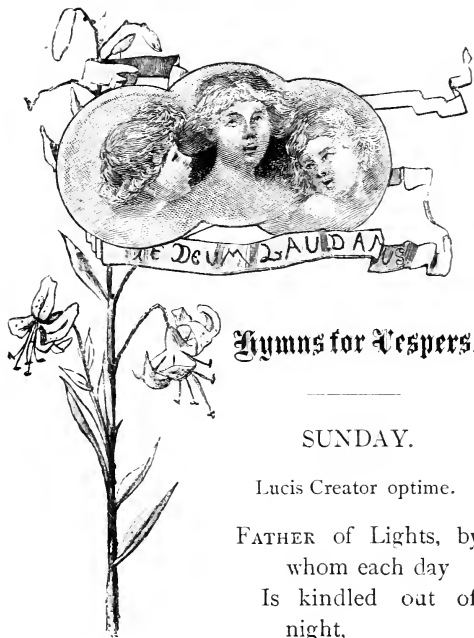
NONE.

Rerum Deus tenax vigor.

O God, unchangeable and true,
Of all the Life and Power,
Dispensing light in silence through
Every successive hour,

Lord, brighten our declining day,
That it may never wane,
Till death, when all things round decay,
Brings back the morn again.

This grace on Thy redeem'd confer,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.



Hymns for Vespers.

SUNDAY.

Lucis Creator optime.

FATHER of Lights, by
whom each day
Is kindled out of
night,

Who, when the heavens were made, didst lay
Their rudiments in light ;
Thou, who didst bind and blend in one
The glistening morn and evening pale,
Hear Thou our plaint, when light is gone,
And lawlessness and strife prevail.

Hear, lest the whelming weight of crime
Wreck us with life in view ;
Lest thoughts and schemes of sense and time
Earn us a sinner's due.
So may we knock at Heaven's door,
And strive the immortal prize to win,
Continually and evermore
Guarded without and pure within.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

MONDAY.

Immense cœli conditor.

LORD of unbounded space,
Who, lest the sky and main
Should mix, and heaven should lose its place,
Didst the rude waters chain ;

Parting the moist and rare,
That rills on earth might flow
To soothe the angry flame, whene'er
It ravens from below :

Pour on us of Thy grace
The everlasting spring ;
Lest our frail steps renew the trace
Of the ancient wandering.

May faith in lustre grow,
And rear her star in heaven,
Paling all sparks of earth below,
Unquench'd by damps of even.

Grant it, O Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit of grace,
To whom be glory, Three in One,
In every time and place.

TUESDAY.

Telluris alme conditor.

ALL-BOUNTIFUL Creator, who,
When Thou didst mould the world, didst drain
The waters from the mass, that so
Earth might immovable remain ;

That its dull clods it might transmute
To golden flowers in vale or wood,
To juice of thirst-allaying fruit,
And grateful herbage spread for food ;

Wash Thou our smarting wounds and hot,
In the cool freshness of Thy grace ;
Till tears start forth the past to blot,
And cleanse and calm Thy holy place ;

Till we obey Thy full behest,
Shun the world's tainted touch and breath,
Joy in what highest is and best,
And gain a spell to baffle death.

Grant it, O Father, Only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of grace ;
To whom all glory, Three in One,
Be given in every time and place.

WEDNESDAY.

Coeli Deus sanctissime.

O LORD, who, thron'd in the holy height,
Through plains of ether didst diffuse
The dazzling beams of light,
In soft transparent hues ;

Who didst, on the fourth day, in heaven
Light the fierce cresset of the sun,
And the meek moon at even,
And stars that wildly run ;

That they might mark and arbitrate
'Twixt alternating night and day,
And tend the train sedate
Of months upon their way ;

Clear, Lord, the brooding night within,
And clean these hearts for Thy abode,
Unlock the spell of sin,
Crumble its giant load.

Grant it, O Father, Only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all praise be done
In every time and place.

THURSDAY.

Magnæ Deus potentiæ.

O God, who hast given
 the sea and the sky,
To fish and to bird
 for a dwelling to keep
Both sons of the waters,
 one low and one high,
Ambitious of heaven,
 yet sunk in the deep ;

Save, Lord, Thy servants,
 whom Thou hast new made
In a laver of blood,
 lest they trespass and die ;
Lest pride should elate,
 or sin should degrade,
And they stumble on earth,
 or be dizzied on high.

To the Father and Son
And the Spirit be done,
Now and always,
Glory and praise.

FRIDAY.

Homini superne Conditor.

WHOM all obey,—
Maker of man ! who from thy height
Badest the dull earth bring to light
All`creeping things, and the fierce might
Of beasts of prey ;—

And the huge make
Of wild or gentler animal,
Springing from nothing at Thy call,
To serve in their due time, and all
For sinners' sake ;

Shield us from ill !
Come it by passion's sudden stress,
Lurk in our minds' habitual dress,
Or through our actions seek to press
Upon our will.

Vouchsafe the prize
Of sacred joy's perpetual mood,
And service-seeking gratitude,
And love to quell each strife or feud,
If it arise.

Grant it, O Lord !
To whom, the Father, Only Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
In heaven and earth all praise be done,
With one accord.

SATURDAY.

Jam sol recedit igneus.

THE red sun is gone,
 Thou Light of the heart,
Blessed Three, Holy One,
To Thy servants a sun
 Everlasting impart.

There were Lauds in the morn,
 Here are Vespers at even ;
Oh, may we adorn
Thy temple new born
 With our voices in Heaven.

To the Father be praise,
 And praise to the Son
And the Spirit always,
While the infinite days
 Of eternity run.

COMPLINE.

Te lucis ante terminum.

Now that the day-light dies away,
By all Thy grace and love,
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray
To watch our bed above.

Let dreams depart and phantoms fly,
The offspring of the night,
Keep us, like shrines, beneath Thine eye,
Pure in our foe's despite.

This grace on Thy redeem'd confer,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.

ADVENT—VESPERS.

Creator alme siderum.

CREATOR of the starry pole,
Saviour of all who live,
And light of every faithful soul,
Jesu, these prayers receive.

Who sooner than our foe' malign
Should triumph, from above
Didst come, to be the medicine
Of a sick world, in love ;

And the deep wounds to cleanse and cure
Of a whole race, didst go,
Pure Victim, from a Virgin pure,
The bitter Cross unto.

Who hast a Name, and hast a Power,
The height and depth to sway,
And Angels bow, and devils cower,
In transport or dismay ;

Thou too shalt be our Judge at length ;
Lord, in Thy grace bestow
Thy weapons of celestial strength,
And snatch us from the foe.

Honor and glory, power and praise,
To Father, and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, be paid always,
The Eternal Three in One.

ADVENT—MATINS.

Verbum supernum prodiens.

SUPERNAL Word, proceeding from
The Eternal Father's breast,
And in the end of ages come,
To aid a world distress ;

Enlighten, Lord, and set on fire
Our spirits with Thy love,
That, dead to earth, they may aspire
And live to joys above.

That, when the judgment-seat on high
Shall fix the sinner's doom,
And to the just a glad voice cry,
Come to your destined home ;

Safe from the black and yawning lake
Of restless, endless pain,
We may the face of God partake,
The bliss of heaven attain.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
As heretofore, when time is done,
Unending glory be.

ADVENT—LAUDS.

En clara vox redarguit.

HARK, a joyful voice is thrilling,
And each dim and winding way
Of the ancient Temple filling ;
Dreams, depart ! for it is day.

Christ is coming !—from thy bed,
Earth-bound soul, awake and spring,—
With the sun new-risen to shed
Health on human suffering.

Lo ! to grant a pardon free,
Comes a willing Lamb from Heaven ;
Sad and tearful, hasten we,
One and all, to be forgiven.

Once again He comes in light,
Girding earth with fear and woe ;
Lord ! be Thou our loving Might,
From our guilt and ghostly foe.

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, who in Heaven
Ever witness, Three and One,
Praise on earth be ever given.

THE TRANSFIGURATION—MATINS.

Quicumque Christum quæritis.

O YE who seek the Lord,
Lift up your eyes on high,
For there He doth the Sign accord
Of His bright majesty.

We see a dazzling sight
That shall outlive all time;
Older than depth or starry height,
Limitless and sublime.

'Tis He for Israel's fold
And heathen tribes decreed,
The King to Abraham pledged of old
And his unfailing seed.

Prophets foretold His birth,
And witness'd when He came,
The Father speaks to all the earth
To hear, and own His name.

To Jesus, who displays
 To babes His beaming face,
 Be, with the Father, endless praise,
 And with the Spirit of grace. *Amen.*

THE TRANSFIGURATION—LAUDS.

Lux alma Jesu.

LIGHT of the anxious heart,
 Jesu, 'Thou dost appear,
 To bid the gloom of guilt depart,
 And shed Thy sweetness here.

Joyous is he, with whom,
 God's Word, Thou dost abide ;
 Sweet Light of our eternal home,
 To fleshly sense denied.

Brightness of God above !
 Unfathomable grace !
 Thy Presence be a fount of love
 Within Thy chosen place.

To Thee, whom children see,
The Father ever blest,
The Holy Spirit, One and Three,
Be endless praise addressed. *Amen.*

FOR A MARTYR.

Deus tuorum militum.

O GOD, of Thy soldiers
the Portion and Crown,
Spare Thy people, who hymn
the praise of the Blest ;
Earth's bitter joys,
its lures and its frown,
He scann'd them and scorn'd,
and so is at rest.

Thy Martyr he ran
all valiantly o'er
A highway of blood
for the prize Thou hast given
We kneel at Thy feet,
and meekly implore,
That our pardon may wait
on his triumph in heaven.

Honor and praise
To the Father and Son
And the Spirit be done
Now and always. *Amen.*

ETHELWALD.

(*From St. Bede's Metrical History of St. Cuthbert.*)

BETWEEN two comrades dear,
Zealous and true as they,
Thou, prudent Ethelwald, didst bear
In that high home the sway.

A man, who ne'er, 'tis said,
Would of his graces tell,
Or with what arms he triumphèd
Over the Dragon fell.

So down to us hath come
A memorable word,
Which in unguarded season from
His blessed lips was heard.

It chanced, that, as the Saint
 Drank in with faithful ear
 Of Angel tones the whispers faint,
 Thus spoke a brother dear :

“ Oh, why so many a pause,
 Thwarting thy words' full stream,
 Till her dark line Oblivion draws
 Across the broken theme ? ”

He answered : “ Till thou seal
 To sounds of earth thine ear,
 Sweet friend, be sure thou ne'er shalt feel
 Angelic voices near.”

But then the hermit blest
 A sudden change came o'er ;
 He shudders, sobs, and smites his breast,
 Is mute, then speaks once more :

“ Oh by the Name Most High
 What I have now let fall,
 Hush, till I lay me down to die
 And go the way of all ! ”

Thus did a Saint in fear
His gifts celestial hide ;
Thus did an Angel standing near
Proclaim them far and wide.

Littlemore.

1844.

CANDLEMAS.

(A Song.)

THE Angel-lights of Christmas morn,
Which shot across the sky,
Away they pass at Candlemas,
They sparkle and they die.

Comfort of earth is brief at best,
Although it be divine ;
Like funeral lights for Christmas gone,
Old Simeon's tapers shine.

And then for eight long weeks and more,
We wait in twilight grey,
Till the high candle sheds a beam
On Holy Saturday.

We wait along the penance-tide
Of solemn fast and prayer ;
While song is hush'd, and lights grow dim
In the sin-laden air.

And while the sword in Mary's soul
Is driven home, we hide
In our own hearts, and count the wounds
Of passion and of pride.

And still, though Candlemas be spent
And Alleluias o'er,
Mary is music in our need,
And Jesus light in store.

The Oratory.

1849.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

My oldest friend, mine from the hour
When first I drew my breath ;
My faithful friend, that shall be mine,
Unfailing, till my death ;

Thou hast been ever at my side ;
My Maker to thy trust
Consign'd my soul, what time He framed
The infant child of dust.

No beating heart in holy prayer,
No faith, inform'd aright,
Gave me to Joseph's tutelage,
Or Michael's conquering might.

Nor patron Saint, nor Mary's love,
The dearest and the best,
Has known my being, as thou hast known,
And blest, as thou hast blest.

Thou wast my sponsor at the font ;
And thou, each budding year,
Didst whisper elements of truth
Into my childish ear.

And when, ere boyhood yet was gone,
My rebel spirit fell,
Ah ! thou didst see, and shudder too,
Yet bear each deed of Hell.

And then in turn, when judgments came,
And scared me back again,
Thy quick soft breath was near to soothe
And hallow every pain.

* * * *

And thou wilt hang about my bed,
When life is ebbing low ;
Of doubt, impatience, and of gloom,
The jealous, sleepless foe.

Mine, when I stand before the Judge ;
And mine, if spared to stay
Within the golden furnace, till
My sin is burn'd away.

And mine, O Brother of my soul,
When my release shall come ;
Thy gentle arms shall lift me then,
Thy wings shall waft me home.

A MARTYR CONVERT.

(*A Hymn.*)

THE number of Thine own complete,
Sum up and make an end ;
Sift clean the chaff, and house the wheat ;
And then, O Lord, descend.

Descend, and solve by that descent
This mystery of life ;
Where good and ill, together blent,
Wage an undying strife.

For rivers twain are gushing still,
And pour a mingled flood ;
Good in the very depths of ill,
Ill in the heart of good.

The last are first, the first are last,
As angel eyes behold ;
These from the sheep-cote sternly cast,
Those welcomed to the fold.

No Christian home, no pastor's eye,
No preacher's vocal zeal,
Moved Thy dear Martyr to defy
The prison and the wheel.

Forth from the heathen ranks she stept,
The forfeit crown to claim
Of Christian souls who had not kept
Their birthright and their name.

Grace form'd her out of sinful dust ;
She knelt a soul defiled,
She rose in all the faith, and trust,
And sweetness of a child.

And in the freshness of that love
She preach'd, by word and deed,
The mysteries of the world above,
Her new-found, glorious creed.

And running, in a little hour,
Of life the course complete,
She reach'd the Throne of endless power,
And sits at Jesu's feet.

Her spirit there, her body here,
 Make one the earth and sky ;
We use her name, we touch her bier,
 We know her God is nigh.

Praise to the Father, as is meet,
 Praise to the Only Son,
Praise to the Holy Paraclete
 While endless ages run.

The Oratory.

1856.

THE TWO WORLDS.

UNVEIL, O Lord, and on us shine
 In glory and in grace ;
This gaudy world grows pale before
 The beauty of Thy face.

Till Thou art seen, it seems to be
 A sort of fairy ground,
Where suns unsetting light the sky,
 And flowers and fruits abound.

But when Thy keener, purer beam
Is pour'd upon our sight,
It loses all its power to charm,
And what was day is night.

Its noblest toils are then the scourge
Which made Thy blood to flow ;
Its joys are but the treacherous thorns
Which circled round Thy brow.

And thus, when we renounce for Thee
Its restless aims and fears,
The tender memories of the past,
The hopes of coming years,

Poor is our sacrifice, whose eyes
Are lighted from above ;
We offer what we cannot keep,
What we have ceased to love.

ST. MICHAEL.

(A Hymn.)

THOU champion high
Of Heaven's imperial Bride,
For ever waiting on her eye,
Before her onward path, and at her side,
In war her guard secure, by night her ready
guide !

To thee was given,
When those false angels rose
Against the Majesty of Heaven,
To hurl them down the steep, and on them
close
The prison where they roam in helpless unre-
pose.

Thee, Michael, thee,
When sight and breathing fail,
The disembodied soul shall see ;

The pardon'd soul with solemn joy shall
hail,
When holiest rites are spent, and tears no
more avail.

And thou, at last,
When Time itself must die,
Shalt sound that dread and piercing blast,
To wake the dead, and rend the vaulted sky,
And summon all to meet the Omniscient
Judge on high.

The Oratory.

1862.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

§ I.

GERONTIUS.

JESU, MARIA—I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me ; I know it now.
Not by the token of this faltering breath,
This chill at heart, this dampness on my
brow,—

* * * * *

'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity !)

That I am going, that I am no more.

'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,
(Lover of souls ! great God ! I look to Thee,)

This emptying out of each constituent
And natural force, by which I come to be.

Pray for me, O my friends ; a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before ;

'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers !
—'tis he ! . . .

As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance now,
And could fall back on nought to be my stay,
(Help, loving Lord ! Thou my sole Refuge,
Thou,)

And turn no whither, but must needs decay
And drop from out the universal frame
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness, of which I came :
This is it that has come to pass in me ;

Oh, horror ! this it is, my dearest, this ;
So pray for me, my friends, who have not
strength to pray.

ASSISTANTS.

Kyrie eleïson, Christe eleïson, Kyrie eleïson.

* * * * *

GERONTIUS.

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the
man ;

And through such waning span
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,
Prepare to meet thy God.

And while the storm of that bewilderment
Is for a season spent,

And, ere afresh the ruin on me fall,
Use well the interval.

ASSISTANTS.

Be merciful, be gracious ; spare him, Lord.
Be merciful, be gracious ; Lord, deliver him.
From the sins that are past ;
From Thy frown and Thine ire ;

From the perils of dying ;
 From any complying
 With sin, or denying
 His God, or relying
 On self, at the last ;

From the nethermost fire ;
 From all that is evil ;
 From power of the devil ;
 Thy servant deliver,
 For once and for ever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,
 Rescue him from endless loss ;
 By Thy death and burial,
 Save him from a final fall ;
 By Thy rising from the tomb,
 By Thy mounting up above,
 By the Spirit's gracious love,
 Save him in the day of doom.

GERONTIUS.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
 Miserere, Judex meus,
 Parce mihi, Domine.

Firmly I believe and truly
 God is Three, and God is One ;
And I next acknowledge duly
 Manhood taken by the Son.
And I trust and hope most fully
 In that manhood crucified ;
And each thought and deed unruly
 Do to death, as He has died.
Simply to His grace and wholly
 Light and life and strength belong,
And I love, supremely, solely,
 Him the holy, Him the strong.
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
 Parce mihi, Domine.
And I hold in veneration,
 For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church, as His creation,
 And her teachings, as His own.
And I take with joy whatever
 Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
 All the ties which bind me here.

Adoration aye be given,
 With and through the angelic host,
 To the God of earth and heaven,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
 Miserere, Judex meus,
 Mortis in discrimine.

I can no more ; for now it comes again,
 That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
 That masterful negation and collapse
 Of all that makes me man ; as though I bent
 Over the dizzy brink
 Of some sheer infinite descent ;
 Or worse, as though .
 Down, down for ever I was falling through
 The solid framework of created things,
 And needs must sink and sink
 Into the vast abyss. And, crueller still,
 A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
 The mansion of my soul. And, worse and
 worse,
 Some bodily form of ill

Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome
curse
Tainting the hallow'd air, and laughs, and
flaps
Its hideous wings,
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.

* * * * *

ASSISTANTS.

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,
As of old so many by Thy gracious power :—
(Amen.)

Enoch and Elias from the common doom ;
(Amen.)

Noe from the waters in a saving home ;
(Amen.)

Abraham from th' abounding guilt of Hea-
thenesse ; (Amen.)

Job from all his multiform and fell distress ;
(Amen.)

Issac, when his father's knife was raised to
slay ; (Amen.)

Lot from burning Sodom on its judgment-
day ; (Amen.)

Moses from the land of bondage and despair ; (Amen)

Daniel from the hungry lions in their lair ;
(Amen.)

And the Children Three amid the furnace-flame ; (Amen.)

Chaste Susanna from the slander and the shame ; (Amen.)

David from Golia and the wrath of Saul ;
(Amen.)

And the two Apostles from their prison-thrall ;
(Amen.)

Thecla from her torments ; (Amen.)

—so to show Thy power,
Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

GERONTIUS.

Novissima hora est ; and I fain would sleep.
The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy
hands,

O Lord, into Thy hands

THE PRIEST.

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo!
Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul !

Go from this world ! Go, in the Name of
God

The Omnipotent Father, who created thee !

Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
Son of the living God, who bled for thee !

Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who
Hath been pour'd out on thee ! Go, in the
name

Of Angels and Archangels ; in the name
Of Thrones and Dominations ; in the name
Of Princedoms and of Powers ; and in the name
Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth !

Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets ;
And of Apostles and Evangelists,

Of Martyrs and Confessors ; in the name
Of holy Monks and Hermits ; in the name
Of holy Virgins ; and all Saints of God,

Both men and women, go ! Go on thy
course ;

And may thy place to-day be found in peace
And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount
Of Zion :—through the Name of Christ, our
Lord.

§ 2.

SOUL OF GERONTIUS.

I went to sleep ; and now I am refresh'd,
A strange refreshment : for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is !
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling
pulse ;

Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream ; yes :—some one softly said
“ He's gone ; ” and then a sigh went round
the room.

And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry “ Subvenite ; ” and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still ; but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah ! whence is this ? What is this sever-
ance ?

This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul ;

And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
For it drives back my thoughts upon their
spring

By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still ; for I possess
A sort of confidence which clings to me.
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
And makes me man; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange ; I cannot stir a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart,
Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of
 space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time ?
Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expansive world ?

Another marvel : some one has me fast
Within his ample palm ; 'tis not a grasp
Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way
And hark ! I hear a singing ; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say

Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody !

ANGEL.

My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
For evermore.

My Father gave
In charge to me
This child of earth
E'en from its birth,
To serve and save,
Alleluia,
And saved is he.

This child of clay
To me was given,
To rear and train
By sorrow and pain

In the narrow way,
 Alleluia,
 From earth to heaven.

SOUL.

It is a member of that family
 Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds
 were made,
 Millions of ages back, have stood around
 The throne of God :—he never has known
 sin ;
 But through those cycles all but infinite,
 Has had a strong and pure celestial life,
 And bore to gaze on the unveil'd face of God,
 And drank from the everlasting Fount of
 truth,
 And served Him with a keen ecstatic love.
 Hark ! he begins again.

ANGEL.

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,
 But most in man, how wonderful Thou art !
 With what a love, what soft persuasive might
 Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,

Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,
To fill the throne which angels lost through
pride !

He lay a grovelling babe upon the ground,
Polluted in the blood of his first sire,
With his whole essence shatter'd and un-
sound,
And coil'd around his heart a demon dire,
Which was not of his nature, but had skill
To bind and form his op'ning mind to ill.

Then was I sent from heaven to set right
The balance in his soul of truth and sin,
And I have waged a long relentless fight,
Resolved that death-environ'd spirit to win,
Which from its fallen state, when all was lost,
Had been repurchased at so dread a cost.

Oh, what a shifting parti-color'd scene
Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,
Of recklessness and penitence, has been
The history of that dreary, life-long fray !
And oh, the grace to nerve him and to lead,
How patient, prompt, and lavish at his need !

O man, strange composite of heaven and
earth !

Majesty dwarf'd to baseness ! fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed ! and seeming
worth

Cloking corruption ! weakness mastering
power !

Who never art so near to crime and shame,
As when thou hast achieved some deed of
name ;—

How should ethereal natures comprehend
A thing made up of spirit and of clay,
Were we not task'd to nurse it and to tend,
Link'd one to one throughout its mortal
day ?

More than the Seraph in his height of place,
The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ran-
som'd race.

SOUL,

Now know I surely that I am at length
Out of the body ; had I part with earth,
I never could have drunk those accents in,
And not have worshipp'd as a god the voice

That was so musical ; but now I am
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possess'd,
With such a full content, and with a sense
So apprehensive and discriminant,
As no temptation can intoxicate.
Nor have I even terror at the thought
That I am clasp'd by such a saintliness.

ANGEL.

All praise to Him, at whose sublime decree
The last are first, the first become the last ;
By whom the suppliant prisoner is set free,
By whom proud first-borns from their
thrones are cast.

* * * * *

§ 3.

SOUL.

I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,
My Guardian Spirit, all hail !

ANGEL.

All hail, my child !
My child and brother, hail ! what wouldest
thou ?

SOUL.

I would have nothing but to speak with thee
 For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with thee
 Conscious communion ; though I fain would
 know

A maze of things, were it but meet to ask,
 And not a curiousness.

ANGEL.

You cannot now
 Cherish a wish which ought not to be wish'd.

SOUL.

Then I will speak. I ever had believed
 That on the moment when the struggling soul
 Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell
 Under the awful Presence of its God,
 There to be judged and sent to its own place.
 What lets me now from going to my Lord?

ANGEL.

Thou art not let ; but with extremest speed
 Art hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge :

For scarcely art thou disembodied yet.
Divide a moment, as men measure time,
Into its million-million-millionth part,
Yet even less than that the interval
Since thou didst leave the body ; and the priest
Cried “ Subvenite,” and they fell to prayer ;
Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray.

For spirits and men by different standards mete
The less and greater in the flow of time.
By sun and moon, primeval ordinances—
By stars which rise and set harmoniously—
By the recurring seasons, and the swing,
This way and that, of the suspended rod
Precise and punctual, men divide the hours,
Equal, continuous, for their common use.

Not so with us in the immaterial world ;
But intervals in their succession
Are measured by the living thought alone
And grow or wane with its intensity.
And time is not a common property ;
But what is long is short, and swift is slow,
And near is distant, as received and grasp'd
By this mind and by that, and every one

Is standard of his own chronology.
 And memory lacks its natural resting-points
 Of years, and centuries, and periods.
 It is thy very energy of thought
 Which keeps thee from thy God.

SOUL.

Dear Angel, say,
 Why have I now no fear at meeting Him?
 Along my earthly life, the thought of death
 And judgment was to me most terrible.
 I had it aye before me, and I saw
 The Judge severe e'en in the Crucifix.
 Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled ;
 And at this balance of my destiny,
 Now close upon me, I can forward look
 With a serenest joy.

ANGEL.

It is because
 Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not
 fear,
 Thou hast forestall'd the agony, and so
 For thee the bitterness of death is past.

Also, because already in thy soul
The judgment is begun. That day of doom,
One and the same for the collected world—
That solemn consummation for all flesh,
Is, in the case of each, anticipate
Upon his death : and, as the last great day
In the particular judgment is rehearsed,
So now, too, ere thou comest to the Throne,
A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.
That calm and joy uprising in thy soul
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,
And heaven begun.

§ 4.

SOUL.

But hark ! upon my sense
Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make
me fear,
Could I be frightened.

ANGEL.

We are now arrived
Close on the judgment-court ; that sullen howl
Is from the demons who assemble there.

It is the middle region, where of old
 Satan appeared among the sons of God,
 To cast his jibes and scoffs at holy Job.
 So now his legions throng the vestibule,
 Hungry and wild, to claim their property,
 And gather souls for hell. Hist to their cry.

SOUL.

How sour and how uncouth a dissonance !

DEMONS.

Low-born clods
 Of brute earth,
 They aspire
 To become gods,
 By a new birth,
 And an extra grace,
 And a score of merits,
 As if aught
 Could stand in place
 Of the high thought,
 And the glance of fire
 Of the great spirits,
 The powers blest,

The lords by right,
The primal owners,
Of the proud dwelling
And realm of light,—
Dispossess'd,
Aside thrust,
Chuck'd down
By the sheer might
Of a despot's will,
Of a tyrant's frown,
Who after expelling
Their hosts, gave,
Triumphant still,
And still unjust,
Each forfeit crown
To psalm-droners,
And canting groaners,
To every slave,
And pious cheat,
And crawling knave,
Who lick'd the dust
Under his feet.

ANGEL.

It is the restless panting of their being ;
 Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their
 bars,
 In a deep hideous purring have their life,
 And an incessant pacing to and fro.

* * * *

SOUL.

How impotent they are ! and yet on earth
 They have repute for wondrous power and
 skill ;
 And books describe, how that the very face
 Of the Evil One, if seen, would have a force
 Even to freeze the blood, and choke the life
 Of him who saw it.

ANGEL.

In thy trial-state

Thou hadst a traitor nestling close at home,
 Connatural, who with the powers of hell
 Was leagued, and of Thy senses kept the keys,
 And to that deadliest foe unlock'd thy heart.
 And therefore is it, in respect of man,

Those fallen ones show so majestic.
But, when some child of grace, Angel or Saint,
Pure and upright in his integrity
Of nature, meets the demons on their raid,
They scud away as cowards from the fight.
Nay, oft hath holy hermit in his cell,
Not yet disburden'd of mortality,
Mock'd at their threats and warlike overtures ;
Or, dying, when they swarm'd like flies,
 around,
Defied them, and departed to his Judge.

DEMONS.

Virtue and vice,
 A knave's pretence,
 'Tis all the same ;
 Ha ! ha !
 Dread of hell-fire,
 Of the venomous flame,
 A coward's plea.
Give him his price,
 Saint though he be,
Ha ! ha !

From shrewd good sense
 He'll slave for hire ;
 Ha ! ha !
 And does but aspire
 To the heaven above
 With sordid aim,
 And not from love.
 Ha ! ha !

SOUL.

I see not those false spirits ; shall I see
 My dearest Master, when I reach His throne?
 Or hear, at least, His awful judgment-word
 With personal intonation, as I now
 Hear thee, not see thee, Angel ? Hitherto
 All has been darkness since I left the earth ;
 Shall I remain thus sight-bereft all through
 My penance-time ? It so, how comes it then
 That I am hearing still, and taste, and touch,
 Yet not a glimmer of that princely sense
 Which binds ideas in one, and makes them
 live ?

ANGEL.

Nor touch, nor taste, nor hearing hast thou
now ;

Thou livest in a world of signs and types,
The presentations of most holy truths,
Living and strong, which now encompass thee.
A disembodied soul, thou hast by right
No converse with aught beside thyself ;
But, lest so stern a solitude should load
And break thy being, in mercy are vouchsafed
Some lower measures of perception,
Which seem to thee, as though through chan-
nels brought,
Through ear, or nerves, or palate, which are
gone.

And thou art wrapp'd and swathed around in
dreams,

Dreams that are true, yet enigmatical ;
For the belongings of thy present state,
Save through such symbols, come not home
to thee.

And thus thou tell'st of space, and time, and
size,

Of fragrant, solid, bitter, musical,

Of fire, and of refreshment after fire ·
 As (let me use similitude of earth,
 To aid thee in the knowledge thou dost ask),
 As ice which blisters may be said to burn.
 Nor hast thou now extension, with its parts
 Correlative,—long habit cozens thee,—
 Nor power to move thyself, nor limbs to move.
 Hast thou not heard of those, who after loss
 Of hand or foot, still cried that they had
 pains

In hand or foot, as though they had it still?
 So is it now with thee, who hast not lost
 Thy hand or foot, but all which made up
 man.

So will it be, until the joyous day
 Of resurrection, when thou wilt regain
 All thou hast lost, new-made and glorified.
 How, even now, the consummated Saints
 See God in heaven, I may not explicate ;
 Meanwhile, let it suffice thee to possess
 Such means of converse as are granted thee,
 Though, till that Beatific Vision, thou art
 blind.

*

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SOUL.

His will be done !

I am not worthy ere to see again
The face of day ; far less His countenance.
Who is the very sun. * * * * *

ANGEL.

Yes,—for one moment thou shalt see thy
Lord.

Thus will it be : what time thou art arraign'd
Before the dread tribunal, and thy lot
Is cast for ever, should it be to sit
On His right hand among His pure elect,
Then sight, or that which to the soul is sight,
As by a lightning-flash, will come to thee,
And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound,
Whom thy soul loveth and would fain ap-
proach,—

One moment ; but thou knowest not, my
child,

What thou dost ask ; that sight of the Most
Fair

Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

SOUL.

Thou speakest darkly, Angel ; and an awe
Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

ANGEL.

There was a mortal, who is now above
In the mid glory : he, when near to die,
Was given communion with the Crucified,—
Such, that the Master's very wounds were
stamp'd
Upon his flesh ; and, from the agony
Which thrill'd through body and soul in that
embrace,
Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love
Doth burn ere it transform. . . .

§ 5.

. . . Hark to those sounds !
They come of tender beings angelical,
Least and most childlike of the sons of God.

FIRST CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

To us His elder race He gave
To battle and to win,
Without the chastisement of pain,
Without the soil of sin.

The younger son He will'd to be
A marvel in His birth :
Spirit and flesh his parents were ;
His home was heaven and earth.

The Eternal bless'd His child, and arm'd
And sent him hence afar,
To serve as champion in the field
Of elemental war.

To be His Viceroy in the world
Of matter, and of sense ;
Upon the frontier, towards the foe
A resolute defence.

ANGEL.

We now have pass'd the gate, and are within
The House of Judgment ; and whereas on
earth

Temples and palaces are form'd of parts
Costly and rare, but all material,
So in the world of spirits nought is found,
To mould withal, and form into a whole,
But what is immaterial ; and thus
The smallest portions of this edifice,
Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair—
The very pavement is made up of life—
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.

SECOND CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

Woe to thee, man ! for he was found
A recreant in the fight ;
And lost his heritage of heaven,
And fellowship with light.

Above him now the angry sky,
 Around the tempest's din ;
Who once had Angels for his friends,
 Had but the brutes for kin.

O man ! a savage kindred they ;
 To flee that monster brood
He scaled the seaside cave and clomb
 The giants of the wood.

With now a fear, and now a hope,
 With aids which chance supplied,
From youth to eld, from sire to son,
 He lived, and toil'd, and died.

He dreaded his penance age by age ,
 And step by step began
Slowly to doff his savage garb,
 And be again a man.

And quicken'd by the Almighty's breath,
 And chasten'd by His rod,
And taught by angel-visitations,
 At length he sought his God ;

And learn'd to call upon His Name
 And in His faith create
 A household and a father-land
 A city and a state.

Glory to Him who from the mire,
 In patient length of days,
 Elaborated into life
 A people to His praise !

SOUL.

The sound is like the rushing of the wind—
 The summer wind—among the lofty pines ;
 Swelling and dying, echoing round about,
 Now here, now distant, wild and beautiful ;
 While, scatter'd from the branches it has
 stirred,
 Descend ecstatic odors.

THIRD CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to The Holiest in the height,
 And in the depth be praise :
 In all His words most wonderful ;
 Most sure in all His ways !

The Angels, as be seemingly
To spirit-kind was given,
At once were tried and perfected,
And took their seats in heaven.

For them no twilight or eclipse ;
No growth and no decay :
'Twas hopeless, all-ingulfing night,
Or beatific day.

But to the younger race there rose
A hope upon its fall ;
And slowly, surely, gracefully,
The morning dawn'd on all.

And ages, opening out, divide
The precious, and the base,
And from the hard and sullen mass
Mature the heirs of grace.

O man ! albeit the quickening ray,
Lit from his second birth,
Makes him at length what once he was,
And heaven grows out of earth ;

Yet still between that earth and heaven—
 His journey and his goal—
 A double agony awaits
 His body and his soul.

A double debt he has to pay
 The forfeit of his sins :
 The chill of death is past, and now
 The penance-fire begins.

Glory to Him, who evermore
 By truth and justice reigns ;
 Who tears the soul from out its case,
 And burns away its stains !

ANGEL.

They sing of thy approaching agony,
 Which thou so eagerly didst question of :
 It is the face of the Incarnate God
 Shall smite thee with that keen and subtle
 pain ;

And yet the memory which it leaves will be
 A sovereign febrifuge to heal the wound ;
 And yet withal it will the wound provoke,
 And aggravate and widen it the more.

SOUL.

Thou speakest mysteries ; still methinks I
know
To disengage the tangle of thy words :
Yet rather would I hear thy angel voice,
Than for myself be thy interpreter.

ANGEL.

When then—if such thy lot—thou seest thy
Judge,
The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart
All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for
Him,
And feel as though thou couldst but pity Him,
That one so sweet should e'er have placed
Himself
At disadvantage such, as to be used
So vilely by a being so vile as thee.
There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble
thee.
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself ; for,
though

Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast
 sinn'd,
 As never thou didst feel ; and wilt desire
 To slink away, and hide thee from His sight :
 And yet wilt have a longing aye to dwell
 Within the beauty of His countenance.
 And these two pains, so counter and so
 keen,—
 The longing for Him, when thou seest Him
 not ;
 The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,—
 Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

SOUL.

My soul is in my hand : I have no fear,—
 In His dear might prepared for weal or woe.
 But hark ! a grand, mysterious harmony :
 It floods me like the deep and solemn sound
 Of many waters.

ANGEL.

We have gain'd the stairs
 Which rise towards the Presence-chamber ;
 there

A band of mighty Angels keep the way
On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God.

ANGELS OF THE SACRED STAIR.

Father, whose goodness none can know, but
they

Who see Thee face to face,
By man hath come the infinite display
Of thy victorious grace ;
But fallen man—the creature of a day—
Skills not that love to trace.

It needs, to tell the triumph Thou hast
wrought,
An Angel's deathless fire, an Angel's reach
of thought.

It needs that very Angel, who with awe
Amid the garden shade,
The great Creator in His sickness saw,
Soothed by a creature's aid,
And agonized, as victim of the Law
Which He Himself had made.

For who can praise Him in His depth and
height,
But he who saw Him reel amid that solitary
fight?

SOUL.

Hark ! for the lintels of the presence-gate
Are vibrating and echoing back the strain.

FOURTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

The foe blasphemed the Holy Lord,
As if He reckon'd ill,
In that He placed His puppet man
The frontier place to fill.

For, even in his best estate,
With amplest gifts endued,
A sorry sentinel was he,
A being of flesh and blood.

As though a thing, who for his help
Must needs possess a wife,
Could cope with those proud rebel hosts
Who had angelic life.

And when, by blandishment of Eve,
That earth-born Adam fell,
He shriek'd in triumph, and he cried,
“ A sorry sentinel ;

“ The Maker by His word is bound,
Escape or cure is none ;
He must abandon to his doom,
And slay His darling Son.”

ANGEL.

And now the threshold, as we traverse it
Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

FIFTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love ! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

O generous love ! that He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo ;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.

§ 6.

ANGEL.

Thy judgment now is near, for we are come
Into the veiled presence of our God.

SOUL.

I hear the voices that I left on earth.

ANGEL.

It is the voice of friends around thy bed,
Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.
Hither the echoes come ; before the Throne
Stands the great Angel of Agony,
The same who strengthen'd Him, what time
 He knelt
Lone in that garden shade, bedew'd with
 blood.

That Angel best can plead with Him for all
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

ANGEL OF THE AGONY.

Jesu ! by that shuddering dread which fell on
 Thee ;
Jesu ! by that cold dismay which sicken'd
 Thee ;

Jesu ! by that pang of heart which thrill'd in
Thee ;

Jesu ! by that mount of sins which crippled
Thee ;

Jesu ! by that sense of guilt which stifled
Thee ;

Jesu ! by that innocence which girdled Thee ;

Jesu ! by that sanctity which reign'd in Thee ;

Jesu ! by that Godhead which was one with
Thee ;

Jesu ! spare these souls which are so dear to
Thee ;

Who in prison, calm and patient, wait for
Thee ;

Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come
to Thee,

To that glorious Home, where they shall ever
gaze on Thee.

SOUL.

I go before my Judge. Ah !

ANGEL.

. . . . Praise to His Name !

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with intemperate energy of love,

Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel ;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorch'd, and shrivell'd ; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul ! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quicken'd, by the glance of
God.

SOUL.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
 There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches
 keep,
 Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
 Lone, not forlorn, —
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
 Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken
 breast,
 Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess'd
 Of its Sole Peace.

There will I sing my absent Lord and Love :—

Take me away,

That sooner I may rise, and go above,

And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

§ 7.

ANGEL.

Now let the golden prison ope its gates,
Making sweet music, as each fold revolves
Upon its ready hinge.

* * * * *

SOULS IN PRISON.

1. Lord, Thou hast been our refuge ; in every generation ;
2. Before the hills were born, and the world was ; from age to age Thou art God.
3. Bring us not, Lord, very low ; for Thou hast said, Come back again, ye sons of Adam.

4. A thousand years before Thine eyes are but
as yesterday : and as a watch of the night
which is come and gone.
5. The grass springs up in the morning : at
evening tide it shrivels up and dies.
6. So we fail in Thine anger : and in Thy
wrath are we troubled.
7. Thou hast set our sins in Thy sight : and
our round of days in the light of Thy
countenance.
8. Come back, O Lord ! how long ; and be
entreated for Thy servants.
9. In Thy morning we shall be filled with
Thy mercy : we shall rejoice and be in
pleasure all our days.
10. We shall be glad according to the days
of our humiliation : and the years in
which we have seen evil.
11. Look, O Lord, upon Thy servants and
on Thy work : and direct their children.

12. And let the beauty of the Lord our God
be upon us : and the work of our hands,
establish Thou it.

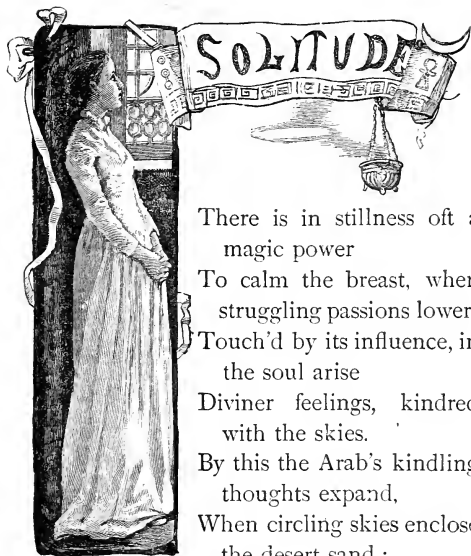
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and
to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be : world without end. Amen.

* * * *

The Oratory.

January, 1865.



There is in stillness oft a
magic power
To calm the breast, when
struggling passions lower;
Touch'd by its influence, in
the soul arise
Diviner feelings, kindred
with the skies.
By this the Arab's kindling
thoughts expand,
When circling skies enclose
the desert sand ;

For this the hermit seeks the thickest grove,
To catch th' inspiring glow of heavenly love.
It is not solely in the freedom given
To purify and fix the heart on heaven ;
There is a Spirit singing aye in air,
That lifts us high above all mortal care.
No mortal measure swells that mystic sound,
No mortal minstrel breathes such tones
around,—

The Angels' hymn,—the sovereign harmony
That guides the rolling orbs along the sky,—
And hence perchance the tales of saints who
view'd

And heard Angelic choirs in solitude,
By most unheard,—because the earthly din
Of toil or mirth has charms their ears to win.
Alas for man ! he knows not of the bliss,
The heaven that brightens such a life as this.

Oxford.

Michaelmas Term, 1818.

TO F. W. N.

A BIRTHDAY OFFERING.

DEAR Frank, this morn has ushered in
The manhood of thy days ;
A boy no more, thou must begin
To choose thy future ways ;
To brace thy arm, and nerve thy heart,
For maintenance of a noble part.

And thou a voucher fair hast given,
Of what thou wilt achieve,
Ere age has dimm'd thy sun-lit heaven
In weary Life's chill eve ;
Should Sovereign Wisdom in its grace
Vouchsafe to thee so long a race.

My brother, we are link'd with chain
That time shall ne'er destroy ;
Together we have been in pain,
Together now in joy ;
For duly I to share may claim
The present brightness of thy name.

My brother, 'tis no recent tie
Which binds our fates in one,
E'en from our tender infancy
The twisted thread was spun ;—
Her deed, who stored in her fond mind
Our forms, by sacred love enshrined.

In her affection all had share,
All six, she loved them all ;
Yet on her early-chosen Pair
Did her full favor fall ; ¹

¹ Of course the allusion is not to the author's mother ; a mother has no favorites.

And we became her dearest theme,
Her waking thought, her nightly dream.

Ah ! brother, shall we e'er forget
Her love, her care, her zeal ?
We cannot pay the countless debt,
But we must ever feel ;
For through her earnestness were shed
Prayer-purchased blessings on our head.

Though in the end of days she stood,
And pain and weakness came,
Her force of thought was unsubdued,
Her fire of love the same ;
And e'en when memory fail'd its part,
We still kept lodgment in her heart.

And when her Maker from the thrall
Of flesh her spirit freed,
No suffering 'companied the call,
—In mercy 'twas decreed,—
One moment here, the next she trod
The viewless mansion of her God.

Now then at length she is at rest,
And, after many a woe,
Rejoices in that Saviour blest,
Who was her hope below ;
Kept till the day when he shall own
His saints before His Father's throne.

So it is left for us to prove
Her prayers were not in vain ;
And that God's grace-according love
Has fall'n as gentle rain.
Which, sent in the due vernal hour,
Tints the young leaf, perfumes the flower.

Dear Frank, we both are summon'd now
As champions of the Lord ;—
Enroll'd am I, and shortly thou
Must buckle on thy sword ;
A high employ, nor lightly given,
To serve as messengers of heaven !

Deep in my heart that gift I hide ;
I change it not away
For patriot-warrior's hour of pride,
Or statesman's tranquil sway ;

For poet's fire, or pleader's skill
To pierce the soul and tame the will.

O ! may we follow undismay'd
Where'er our God shall call !
And may His Spirit's present aid
Uphold us lest we fall !
Till in the end of days we stand,
As victors in a deathless land.

Chiswick.

June 27, 1826.

NATURE AND ART.

FOR AN ALBUM.

“MAN goeth forth ”¹ with reckless trust
Upon his wealth of mind,
As if in self a thing of dust
Creative skill might find ;
He schemes and toils ; stone, wood, and ore
Subject or weapon of his power.

¹ Psalm civ. [ciii.] 23.

By arch and spire, by tower-girt heights,
He would his boast fulfil ;
By marble births, and mimic lights,—
Yet lacks one secret still ;
Where is the master-hand shall give
To breathe, to move, to speak, to live?

O take away this shade of might,
The puny toil of man,
And let great Nature in my sight
Unroll her gorgeous plan ;
I cannot bear those sullen walls,
Those eyeless towers, those tongueless halls.

Art's labor'd toys of highest name
Are nerveless, cold, and dumb ;
And man is fitted but to frame
A coffin or a tomb ;
Well suit when sense is pass'd away,
Such lifeless works the lifeless clay.

Here let me sit where wooded hills
Skirt yon far-reaching plain ;
While cattle bank its winding rills,
And suns embrown its grain ;

Such prospect is to me right dear,
For freedom, health, and joy are here.

There is a spirit ranging through
The earth, the stream, the air ;
Ten thousand shapes, garbs ever new,
That restless One doth wear ;
In color, scent, and taste, and sound
The energy of life is found.

The leaves are rustling in the breeze,
The bird renews her song ;
From field to brook, o'er heath, o'er trees,
The sunbeam glides along ;
The insect, happy in its hour,
Floats softly by, or sips the flower.

Now dewy rain descends, and now
Brisk showers the welkin shroud ;
I care not, though with angry brow
Frowns the red thunder-cloud ;
Let hail-storm pelt, and lightning harm,
'Tis Nature's work, and has its charm.

Ah ! lovely Nature ! others dwell
Full favor'd in thy court ;
I of thy smiles but hear them tell,
And feed on their report,
Catching what glimpse an Ulcombe yields
To strangers loitering in her fields.

I go where form has ne'er unbent
The sameness of its sway ;
Where iron rule, stern precedent,
Mistreat the graceful day ;
To pine as prisoner in his cell,
And yet be thought to love it well.

Yet so His high dispose, has set,
Who binds on each his part ;
Though absent, I may cherish yet
An Ulcombe of the heart ;
Calm verdant hope divinely given,
And suns of peace, and scenes of heaven ;—

A soul prepared His will to meet,
Full fix'd His work to do ;
Not labor'd into sudden heat,
But inly born anew.—

So living Nature, not dull Art,
Shall plan my ways and rule my heart.

Ulcombe.

Sept. 1826.

SNAPDRAGON.

A RIDDLE

FOR A FLOWER BOOK.

I AM rooted in the wall
Of buttress'd tower or ancient hall ;
Prison'd in an art-wrought bed,
Cased in mortar, cramp'd with lead :
Of a living stock alone
Brother of the lifeless stone.

Else unprized, I have my worth
On the spot that gives me birth :
Nature's vast and varied field
Braver flowers than me will yield,
Bold in form and rich in hue,
Children of a purer dew ;
Smiling lips and winning eyes
Meet for earthly paradise.

Choice are such,—and yet thou knowest
Highest he whose lot is lowest.
They, proud hearts, a home reject
Framed by human architect ;
Humble-I can bear to dwell
Near the pale recluse's cell,
And I spread my crimson bloom,
Mingled with the cloister's gloom.

Life's gay gifts and honors rare,
Flowers of favor ! win and wear !
Rose of beauty, be the queen
In pleasure's ring and festive scene
Ivy, climb and cluster, where
Lordly oaks vouchsafe a stair.
Vaunt, fair Lily, stately dame,
Pride of birth and pomp of name,
Miser Crocus, starved with cold
Hide in earth thy timid gold.
Travell'd Dahlia, freely boast
Knowledge brought from foreign coast.
Pleasure, wealth, birth, knowledge, power
These have each an emblem flower ;
So for me alone remains
Lowly thought and cheerful pains.

Be it mine to set restraint
On roving wish and selfish plaint ;
And for man's drear haunts to leave
Dewy morn and balmy eve.
Be it mine the barren stone
To deck with green life not its own
So to soften and to grace
Of human works the rugged face.
Mine, the Unseen to display
In the crowded public way,
Where life's busy arts combine
To shut out the Hand Divine.

Ah ! no more a scentless flower,
By approving Heaven's high power,
Suddenly my leaves exhale
Fragrance of the Syrian gale.
Ah ! 'tis timely comfort given
By the answering breath of Heaven
May it be ! then well might I
In College cloister live and die.

A PICTURE.

“The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth.”

SHE is not gone ;—still in our sight
That dearest maid shall live,
In form as true, in tints as bright,
As youth and health could give.

Still, still is ours the modest eye ;
The smile unwrought by art ;
The glance that shot so piercingly
Affection's keenest dart ;

The thrilling voice, I ne'er could hear
But felt a joy and pain ;—
A pride that she was ours, a fear
Ours she might not remain ;

Whether the page divine call'd forth
Its clear, sweet, tranquil tone,
Or cheerful hymn, or seemly mirth
In sprightlier measure shown ;

The meek inquiry of that face,
Musing on wonders found,
As 'mid dim paths she sought to trace
The truth on sacred ground ;

The thankful sigh that would arise,
When aught her doubts removed,
Full sure the explaining voice to prize,
Admiring while she loved ;

The pensive brow, the world might see
When she in crowds was found ;
The burst of heart, the o'erflowing glee
When only friends were round ;

Hope's warmth of promise, prompt to fill
The thoughts with good in store,
Match'd with content's deep stream, which still
Flow'd on, when hope was o'er ;

That peace, which, with its own bright day,
Made cheapest sights shine fair ;
That purest grace, which track'd its way
Safe from aught earthly there.

Such was she in the sudden hour
That brought her Maker's call, —
Proving her heart's self-mastering power
Blithely to part with all, —

All her eye loved, all her hand press'd
With keen affection's glow,
The voice of home, all pleasures best,
All dearest thoughts below.

From friend-lit hearth, from social board,
All duteously she rose ;
For faith upon the Master's word
Can find a sure repose.

And in her wonder up she sped,
And tried relief in vain ;
Then laid her down upon her bed
Of languor and of pain, —

And waited till the solemn spell
(A ling'ring night and day,)
Should fill its numbers, and compel
Her soul to come away.

Such was she then ; and such she is,
 Shrined in each mourner's breast ;
Such shall she be, and more than this,
 In promised glory blest ;

When in due lines her Saviour dear
 His scatter'd saints shall range,
And knit in love souls parted here,
 Where cloud is none, nor change.

Oxford.

August, 1828.

MY LADY NATURE AND HER DAUGHTERS.

LADIES, well I deem, delight
 In comely tire to move ;
Soft, and delicate, and bright,
 Are the robes they love.
Silks, where hues alternate play,
Shawls, and scarfs, and mantles gay,
Gold, and gems, and crispèd hair,
Fling their light o'er lady fair.

'Tis not waste, nor sinful pride,
—Name them not, nor fault beside,—
But her very cheerfulness
Prompts and weaves the curious dress ;
While her holy ¹ thoughts still roam
Mid birth-friends and scenes of home.
Pleased to please whose praise is dear,
Glitters she ? she glitters there ;—
And she has a pattern found her
In Nature's glowing world around her.

Nature loves, as lady bright,
In gayest guise, to shine,
All forms of grace, all tints of light,
Fringe her robe divine.
Sun-lit heaven, and rain-bow cloud,
Changeful main, and mountain proud,
Branching tree, and meadow green,
All are deck'd in broider'd sheen.
Not a bird on bough-propp'd tower,
Insect slim, nor tiny flower,
Stone, nor spar, nor shell of sea
But is fair in its degree.

¹ Vid. 1 Pet. iii. 5 ; and cf. Gen. xxiv. 22, 28–30.

'Tis not pride, this vaunt of beauty ;
Well she 'quits her trust of duty ;
And, amid her gorgeous state,
Bright, and bland, and delicate,
Ever beaming from her face
Praise of a Father's love we trace.

Ladies, shrinking from the view
Of the prying day,
In tranquil diligence pursue
Their heaven-appointed way.
Noiseless duties, silent cares,
Mercies lighting unawares,
Modest influence working good,
Gifts, by the keen heart understood,
Such as viewless spirits might give,
These they love, in these they live.—
Mighty Nature speeds her through
Her daily toils in silence too :
Calmly rolls her giant spheres,
Sheds by stealth her dew's kind tears ;
Cheating sage's vex'd pursuit,
Churns the sap, matures the fruit,
And, her deft hand still concealing,
Kindles motion, life, and feeling.

Ladies love to laugh and sing,
To rouse the chord's full sound,
Or to join the festive ring
Where dancers gather round.
Not a sight so fair on earth,
As a lady's graceful mirth ;
Not a sound so chasing pain,
As a lady's thrilling strain. —
Nor is Nature left behind
In her lighter moods of mind ;
Calm her duties to fulfil,
In her glee a prattler still.
Bird and beast of every sort
Hath its antic and its sport ;
Chattering brook, and dancing gnat,
Subtle cry of evening bat,
Moss uncouth, and twigs grotesque,
These are Nature's picturesque.

Where the birth of Poesy ?

Its fancy and its fire ?

Nature's earth, and sea, and sky,

Fervid thoughts inspire.

Where do wealth and power find rest,

When hopes have fail'd, or toil opprest ?

Or, if aught be
there,
Harsh and chill, it
ill may touch the
hand of lady
fair.
Who can perfumed waters
bring
From a convent
spring?

“ Monks in the olden
time,
“ They were rhymesters ? ” —
they were rhymesters,
but in Latin
rhyme.
Monks in the days of
old
Lived in secret,
in the Church’s
kindly-sheltering
fold.

still, a blessing
 closed their merriest
 word ;

And their gayest
 smile

Told of musings
 solitary,
 and the hallow'd

aisle.

“ Songsters ? ”—hark ! they answer !
 round

Plaintive chantings
 sound !

Grey his cowlèd
 vest,

Whose strong heart has
 pledged his service
 to the cloister

blest.

Duly garb'd is
 he,

As the frost-work
 gems the branches
 of yon stately
 tree.

'Tis a danger-thwarting
spell,
And it fits me
well !

Oxford.

December, 1829.

THE WINTER FLOWER.

A BIRTHDAY OFFERING.

(For Music.)

BLOOM, beloved Flower !—
Unknown ;—'tis no matter.
Courts glitter brief hour,
Crowds can but flatter.

Plants in the garden
See best the Sun's glory ;
They miss the green sward in
A conservatory.

—PRIZED WHERE'ER KNOWN. —

Sure this is a blessing,
Outrings the loud tone
Of the dull world's caressing.

Oxford.

December 30, 1830.

HOME.

WHERE'ER I roam in this fair English land,
The vision of a Temple meets my eyes :
Modest without ; within, all glorious rise
Its love-encluster'd columns, and expand
Their slender arms. Like olive-plants they
stand,
Each answ'ring each, in home's soft sym-
thies,
Sisters and brothers. At the altar sighs
Parental fondness, and with anxious hand
Tenders its offering of young vows and prayers.
The same, and not the same, go where I will,
The vision beams ! ten thousand shrines, all
one.
Dear fertile soil ! what foreign culture bears

Such fruit? And I through distant climes
may run

My weary round, yet miss thy likeness still.

Oxford.

November 16, 1832.

THE ISLES OF THE SIRENS.

CEASE, Stranger, cease those piercing notes,
The craft of Siren choirs ;
Hush the seductive voice, that floats
Upon the languid wires.

Music's ethereal fire was given,
Not to dissolve our clay,
But draw Promethean beams from Heaven,
And purge the dross away.

Weak self ! with thee the mischief lies,
Those throbs a tale disclose ;
Nor age nor trial has made wise
The Man of many woes.

Off Lisbon.

December 13, 1832.

CORCYRA.

I SAT beneath an olive's branches grey,
And gazed upon the sight of a lost town,
By sage and poet raised to long renown ;
Where dwelt a race that on the sea held sway,
And, restless as its waters, forced a way
For civil strife a hundred states to drown.
That multitudinous stream we now note down
As though one life, in birth and in decay.
But is their being's history spent and run,
Whose spirits live in awful singleness,
Each in its self-form'd sphere of light or gloom ?
Henceforth, while pondering the fierce deeds
 then done,
Such reverence on me shall its seal impress
As though I corpses saw, and walk'd the
 tomb.

At Sea.

January 7, 1833.

MESSINA.

“Homo sum ; humani nil à me alienum puto.”

WHY, wedded to the Lord, still yearns my
heart

Towards these scenes of ancient heathen fame ?
Yet legend hoar, and voice of bard that came
Fixing my restless youth with its sweet art,
And shades of power, and those who bore a
part

In the mad deeds that set the world in flame,
So fret my memory here,—ah ! is it blame?—
That from my eyes the tear is fain to start.

Nay, from no fount impure these drops arise ;
'Tis but that sympathy with Adam's race

Which in each brother's history reads its own.
So let the cliffs of this fair place

Be named man's tomb and splendid record-
stone,

High hope, pride-stain'd, the course without
the prize.

Messina.

February 9, 1833.

PROGRESS OF UNBELIEF.

Now is the Autumn of the Tree of Life ;
Its leaves are shed upon the unthankful earth,
Which lets them whirl, a prey to the winds'
 strife,
Heartless to store them for the months of
 dearth.
Men close the door, and dress the cheerful
 hearth,
Self-trusting still ; and in his comely gear
Of precept and of rite, a household Baal rear.

But I will out amid the sleet, and view
Each shrivelling stalk and silent-falling leaf.
Truth after truth, of choicest scent and hue,
Fades, and in fading stirs the Angels' grief,
Unanswer'd here ; for she, once pattern chief
Of faith, my Country, now gross-hearted
 grown,
Waits but to burn the stem before her idol's
 throne.

THE PRIESTLY OFFICE.

FROM ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

IN service o'er the Mystic Feast I stand ;
I cleanse Thy victim-flock, and bring them
near

In holiest wise, and by a bloodless rite.
O Fire of Love ! O gushing Fount of Light :
(As best I know, who need Thy cleansing
Hand)

Dread office this, bemired souls to clear
Of their defilement, and again make bright.

*Oxford.**1834.*

THE MARRIED AND THE SINGLE.

A FRAGMENT FROM ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

As, when the hand some mimic form would
paint,

It marks its purpose first in shadows faint,
And next, its store of varied hues applies,
Till outlines fade, and the full limbs arise ;

So in the earlier school of sacred lore
The Virgin-life no claim of honor bore,
While in Religion's youth the Law held sway,
And traced in symbols dim that better way.
But, when the Christ came by a Virgin-
birth,—

His radiant passage from high heaven to
earth,—

And, spurning father for His mortal state,
Did Eve and all her daughters consecrate,
Solved fleshly laws, and in the letter's place
Gave us the Spirit and the Word of Grace,
Then shone the glorious Celibate at length,
Robed in the dazzling lightnings of its strength,
Surpassing spells of earth and marriage vow,
As soul the body, heaven this world below,
The eternal peace of saints life's troubled span,
And the high throne of God, the haunts of
man.

So now there circles round the King of Light
A heaven on earth, a blameless court and
bright,

Aiming as emblems of their God to shine,
Christ in their heart, and on their brow His
Sign,—

Soft funeral lights in the world's twilight dim,
Loving their God, and ever loved by Him.

Ye countless multitudes, content to bow
To the soft thralldom of the marriage vow !
I mark your haughty step, your forward gaze,
Gems deck your hair, and silk your limbs
 arrays ;
Come, tell the gain which wedlock has
 conferr'd
On man ; and then the single shall be heard.

The married many thus might plead, I wean ;
Right glib their tongue, full confident their
 mien :—

“ Hear all who live ! to whom the nuptial
 rite
Has brought the privilege of life and light.
We, who are wedded, but the law obey
Stamp'd at creation on our blood and clay,
What time the Demiurge our line began,
Oped Adam's side, and out of man drew man.
'Thenceforth let children of a mortal sod
Honor the law of earth, the primal law of
 God.

“List, you shall hear the gifts of price that
lie

Gather'd and bound within the marriage-tie.
What taught the arts of life, the truths which
sleep

In earth, or highest heaven, or vasty deep?
What fill'd the mart, and urged the vessel
brave

To link in one fair countries o'er the wave?
What raised the town? what gave the type
and germ

Of social union, and of sceptre firm?
What the first husbandman, the glebe to
plough,

And rear the garden, but the marriage vow?

“Nay, list again! Who seek its kindly
chain,

A second self, a double presence gain;
Hands, eyes, and ears, to act or suffer here,
Till e'en the weak inspire both love and
fear,—

A comrade's sigh to soothe when cares annoy,
A comrade's smile, to elevate his joy.

‘Nor say it weds us to a carnal life,
When want is urgent, fears and vows are
 rife.

Light heart is his, who has no yoke at home,
Scant prayer for blessings, as the seasons come;
But wife, and offspring, goods which go or
 stay,

Teach us our need, and make us trust and
 pray.

Take love away, and life would be defaced,
A ghastly vision on a howling waste,
Stern, heartless, reft of the sweet spells which
 swage

The throes of passion, and which gladden
 age.

No child’s sweet pranks, once more to make
 us young ;

No ties of place about our heart-strings flung ;
No public haunts to cheer ; no festive tide
When harmless mirth and smiling wit pre-
 side ;

A life which scorns the gifts by heaven
 assign’d,

Nor knows the sympathy of human kind.

“Prophets and teachers, priests and victor
kings,

Deck'd with each grace which heaven-taught
nature brings,

These were no giant offspring of the earth,
But to the marriage-promise owed their
birth :—

Moses and Samuel, David, David's Son,
The blessed Tishbite, the more blessed John,
The sacred Twelve in apostolic choir,
Strong-hearted Paul, instinct with seraph
fire,

And others, now or erst, who to high heaven
aspire.

Bethink ye ; should the single state be best,
Yet who the single, but my offspring blest ?
My sons, be still, nor with your parents
strive :

They coupled in their day, and so ye live.”

Thus marriage pleads. Now let her rival
speak—

Dim is her downcast eye, and pale her cheek ;
Untrimm'd her gear ; no sandals on her feet ;
A sparest form for austere tenant meet.

She drops her veil her modest face around,
And her lips open, but we hear no sound.
I will address her :—" Hail, O child of
 Heaven,
Glorious within ! to whom a post is given
Hard by the Throne where angels bow and
 fear,
E'en while thou hast a name and mission
 here,
O deign thy voice, unveil thy brow and see
Thy ready guard and minister in me.
Oft hast thou come heaven-wafted to my
 breast,
Bright Spirit ! so come again, and give me
 rest."

. . . " Ah, who has hither drawn my back-
 ward feet,
Changing for worldly strife my lone retreat ?
Where, in the silent chant of holy deeds,
I praise my God, and tend the sick soul's
 needs ;
By toils of day, and vigils of the night,
By gushing tears, and blessed lustral rite.

I have no sway amid the crowd, no art
In speech, no place in council or in mart.
Nor human law, nor judges throned on high,
Smile on my face, and to my words reply.
Let others seek earth's honors ; be it mine
One law to cherish, and to track one line,
Straight on towards heaven to press with
single bent,
To know and love my God, and then to die
content."

Oxford.

1834.

THE QUEEN OF SEASONS.

(A SONG FOR AN INCLEMENT MAY.)

ALL is divine
which the Highest has made,
Through the days that He wrought,
till the day when He stay'd ;

Above and below,
 within and around,
From the centre of space,
 to its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing
 the Universe smiled,
On the morn of its birth,
 like an innocent child,
Or like the rich bloom
 of some delicate flower ;
And the Father rejoiced
 in the work of His power.

Yet worlds brighter still,
 and a brighter than those,
And a brighter again,
 He had made, had He chose ;
And you never could name
 that conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources
 the Maker possess'd

But I know of one work
 of His Infinite Hand,
Which special and singular
 ever must stand ;
So perfect, so pure,
 and of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence
 ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May,
 and the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July
 in its passionate noon,
Munificent August,
 September serene,
Are together no match
 for my glorious Queen.

O Mary, all months
 and all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness,
 when they are gone ;

And we give to thee May,
 not because it is best,
But because it comes first,
 and is pledge of the rest.

The Oratory.

1850.

HEATHEN GREECE.

(A SONG.)

WHERE are the Islands of the Blest ?
 They stud the Ægean Sea ;
And where the deep Elysian rest ?
It haunts the vale where Peneus strong
Pours his incessant stream along,
While craggy ridge and mountain bare
Cut keenly through the liquid air,
And, in their own pure tints array'd,
Scorn earth's green robes which change and
 fade,
And stand in beauty undecay'd,
 Guards of the bold and free.

For what is Afric, but the home
Of burning Phlegethon?
What the low beach and silent gloom,
And chilling mists of that dull river,
Along whose bank the thin ghosts shiver,—
The thin wan ghosts that once were men,—
But Tauris, isle of moor and fen,
Or, dimly traced by seamen's ken,
The pale-cliff'd Albion.

The Oratory.

1856.

TO EDWARD CASWALL.

(A GIFT FOR THE NEW YEAR, IN RETURN FOR
HIS VOLUME OF POEMS.)

ONCE, o'er a clear calm pool,
The fulness of an over-brimming spring,
I saw the hawthorn and the chestnut fling
Their willing arms, of vernal blossoms full
And light green leaves : the lilac too was there,
The prodigal laburnum, dropping gold,
While the rich gorse along the turf crept near.
Close to the fountain's margin, and made bold
To peep into that pool, so calm and clear :—

As if well pleased to see their image bright
Reflected back upon their innocent sight ;
Each flower and blossom shy
Lingering the live-long day in still delight,
Yet without touch of pride, to view,
Yea, with a tender, holy sympathy,
What was itself, yet was another too.

So on thy verse, my Brother and my Friend,
—The fresh upwelling of thy tranquil spirit,—
I see a many angel forms attend ;
And gracious souls elect,
And thronging sacred shades, that shall inherit
One day the azure skies,
And peaceful saints, in whitest garments
deck'd;
And happy infants of the second birth :—
These, and all other plants of Paradise,
Thoughts from above, and visions that are
sure,
And providences past, and memories dear,
In much content hang o'er that mirror pure,
And recognize each other's faces there,
And see a heaven on earth.

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